THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1808.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Timely Rescue, 523
2 On the Life of Stephen Duck, 525
3 Letter on Oratory, 527
4 Harriet Vernon; or, Characters from real Life, 529
5 Account of a Male and Female Elephant, 534
6 Sketches from Nature, 537
7 On Almanacs, and the Almanac of Liege, 546
8 Account of the new Drama—'Venoni,' 548
9 The Cadi and the Man who had received a Blow, 551
10 London Fashions, 552
11 The French Family, *ibid.*
12 POETICAL ESSAYS.—To the Memory of Thomas Chatterton—Prologue to the new play, intitled, 'The Mysterious Bride'—Air in ditto—Songs in the new Opera of 'The Exile'—Winter, an Ode—To-Morrow—A Winter Song—Stanzas 557—560
13 Foreign News, 561
14 Home News, 564
15 Births—Marriages, 567
16 Deaths, 568

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. The TIMELY RESCUE.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for the BORDER of a SHIRT-HANDKERCHIEF.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AS the ingenious authoress of the Novel entitled *Harriet Vernon* may not have seen, or not have noticed, our request to her in our last number, we repeat, that if she will transmit such an *address* to the Publisher that a letter may reach her, it will be esteemed a favour.

The hint of our correspondent, who signs *Truth*, concerning new novels, will be considered.

C. B's. Essay shall certainly appear in the *Supplement*.

For several other favours which have been received, see the *Supplement*.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For DECEMBER, 1808.

THE TIMELY RESCUE.

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

IN that part of the British dominions, where the passions of the natives are peculiarly ardent, and impel with violence towards their object, whether good or evil —in the neighbouring island of Ireland, sir Phelim O'Donnel was guardian to his niece, the rich and beauteous Clara. Arrived at the age of eighteen, and truly lovely in person and disposition, Clara attracted the love of all around her, but more particularly of one high-spirited and gallant youth, named Frederic Mahony, on whose manly appearance and accomplished manners she evidently cast a favourable eye. Frederic perceived it, and with equal modesty and ardour preferred his suite. Clara blushed encouragement, and they soon became transcendently happy in the consciousness of mutual affection.

But the serenest sky of human enjoyment seldom continues long entirely unclouded; and the loves of Frederic and Clara did not remain undisturbed. The charms of Clara won the stubborn heart of sir Patrick O'Conner, who had long remained a batchelor, and defied the sex. He made application to her guardian, and was preferred by him to Frederic, because he had a larger estate in possession than the other in expectancy — because he was a genuine descendant of the true Hibernian stock — and because he was a potent drinker, and made himself the companion of sir Phelim in drinking deeply, and every riotous extravagance. He introduced him in form to his ward, and recommended him to her with the warmest commendations on every occasion. But the boisterous endowments of the jolly baronet, however brilliant in their way, were not to the taste of Clara. Nothing could shake her

con-

stancy to her first lover, and many were the proofs she gave of her aversion to accept another. The violent passions of sir Patrick, however offended and indignant he might be, were roused to double ardour at this refusal. He continued his pursuit unremittingly, resolved either by entreaty, by fraud, or by violence, to prevail. The persecution which Clara suffered both from him and her guardian, in their endeavours to persuade her to compliance, was extreme; but this she bore with equal fortitude and patience. Though she was excluded from her Frederic, and attempts were made to irritate her against him by every falsehood a malicious invention could suggest, she refused to give them the least attention; and all the arts employed to deceive her, and change her resolution, only served to increase and render more manifest her aversion to her pertinacious suitor.

Sir Phelim, the guardian of Clara, had a daughter named Laura, between whom and Clara the closest friendship and confidence had always subsisted, though not with the same sensibility and sincerity on the part of Laura as on that of Clara. Laura was soon induced to enter into the views of her father and sir Patrick, and she endeavoured to assist their wishes by artful, but very covert, insinuations against Frederic, and many commendations of sir Patrick, his large fortune, and good qualities: but neither would this avail, and the case at length appeared to be hopeless.

It was now that sir Phelim, drinking freely with his friend sir Patrick, began to advise him to desist from any farther pursuit of Clara, and leave her to her own ill-judged obstinacy; at least, said he, I know of but one method more that can be tried, and that is to carry her off by force, and make her marry you. Such things have been done in this country; and I know not how it is, but this gallant knight-errantry pleases some of our damsels more than your milk and water wooing; for their consent has thus been procured when it could be had no other way. You have certainly spirit enough; and if it depends upon that, you must succeed Clara and Laura, take a country excursion of a few miles in a day or two, and then you have an opportunity.

What sir Phelim said, half in jest, and in the moment of inebriation, sir Patrick considered as serious advice, and a very happy thought too. He accordingly prepared to carry this excellent and most promising plan into execution. Knowing the day on which the ladies were to make this journey, and the road by which they were to pass, he provided himself with two or three sturdy and determined fellows, ready and willing to execute whatever order he might give them; and stationing himself and them in a lonely part of the road, as soon as Clara and Laura made their appearance, the former was seised, dragged from her horse, fainting with affright, and hurried to a post chaise which was in waiting at a little distance, into which she was put in a state of insensibility. Sir Patrick jumped in likewise, and they drove rapidly away.

But just at this moment who should come up but Frederic, with a stronger and better armed body of troops than sir Patrick,

whom he forced out of the chaise, and leaping into it, drove off the way he chose, leaving his men engaged with sir Patrick and his troop.

His sudden and timely arrival was not miraculous, it was occasioned by the very natural circumstance, that one of the fellows employed by sir Patrick, knowing Frederic, and expecting a good reward from him, which he indeed received, had disclosed to him the intentions and whole plan of the baronet, leaving him to act thereupon, as seemed unto him good.

What was the surprise of the terrified Clara when she recovered her sense, to find Frederic sitting by her instead of the odious sir Patrick! Her feelings overpowered her, and she fainted a second time; but, recovering herself, a copious flood of tears relieved her. Frederic found little difficulty in persuading her to consent to be immediately united to him; for she suspected that her guardian had advised and abetted this act of violence, which he in some measure had done.

In a day or two afterwards they returned and presented themselves before sir Phelim, who gave them a quite different reception from that which they had expected; for he received them with much complacency—'Arrah, by my soul, my boy,' said he to Frederic, 'you are a brave fellow; you have shown equal generalship and courage; you have beat the baronet out and out; I shall never have a bad opinion of you any more; indeed I had not before, only he over-persuaded me; I am afraid his is not true Irish blood by his being worsted in this affair; for right or wrong an Irishman should always beat his antagonist, even if they are both Irishmen, as in this case. You have my free consent to marry Clara, and as you are married to her I will immediately put you in possession of her estate, and enable you to live as happily as her love, and your own courage, gallantry, and good qualities can make you.'

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE following sketch of the life or Stephen Duck is extracted from the English Encyclopœdia. If you think it contains a satisfactory reply to the request of your correspondent Mr. Webb, (page 479), it is heartily at your service.

Your's respectfully,
James Frederick Blake.

Islington, Dec. 3. 1808.

STEPHEN DUCK, a very extraordinary person, who from a thresher became a poet, and was afterwards advanced to the cure of a parish, was born about the beginning of the last century, and had originally no other teaching than what enabled him to read and write English: and, as arithmetic is generally joined with this degree of learning, he had a small share of that too. About his fourteenth year he was taken from school, and was afterwards successively engaged in the several lower employments of a country life. This lasted for some years; so long, that he had almost forgot all the arithmetic he had learned at school. However, he read sometimes, and thought oftener: he had a certain longing after know-

ledge; and, when he reflected within himself on his want of education, he began to be particularly uneasy that he should have forgot any thing of what he had learned, even at the little school he had been at. He thought of this so often, that at last he resolved to try his own strength; and if possible, to recover his arithmetic again.

He was then about 24 year of age, and considering the difficulties the poor fellow lay under, an inclination for knowledge must needs have been very strong in him. He was then married, and at service; he had little time to spare; he had no books, and had no money to get any; but he was resolved to go through with it, and accordingly used to work more than other day-labourers, by which means he got some little matter added to his pay. This overplus was at his own disposal, and with this he bought first a book of vulgar arithmetic, then one of decimal, and a third of measuring land; all which by degrees, he made himself a tolerable master of, in those hours he could steal from sleep, after the labours of the day. He had, it seems, one dear friend who joined with him in this literary pursuit; and with whom he used to talk and read, when they could steal a little time for it. This friend had been in a service at London for two or three years, and had an inclination to books, as well as Stephen Duck. He had purchased some, and brought them down with him into the country, and Stephen had always the use of his little library, which in time was increased to two or three dozen of books.

With these helps Stephen grew something of a poet, and something of a philosopher. He had from his infancy a cast in his mind towards poetry, as appeared from several little circumstances; but what gave him a higher taste of it than he had been used to, was Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' This he read over twice or thrice with a dictionary, before he could understand the language of it thoroughly; and this, with a sort of English grammar he had, is said to have been of the greatest use to him. It was his friend that helped him to the 'Spectators;' which, as himself owned, improved his understanding more than any thing. The copies of verses, scattered in those pieces, helped on his natural bent that way, and made him willing to try whether he could not do something like them. He sometimes turned his own thoughts into verse, while he was at work; and at last began to venture those thoughts a little upon paper. The thing took air; and Stephen, who had before the name of a scholar among the country people, was said now to be able to write verses too. This was mentioned accidentally about the year 1729, before a gentleman of Oxford, who sent for Stephen, and after some talk with him, desired him to write him a letter in verse. He did so: and that letter is the epistle which stands the last in his poems, though the first whole copy of verses that ever he wrote.

By these attempts, one after another, he became known to the clergymen in the neighbourhood; who, upon examining him, found that he had a great deal of merit, made him some presents, and encouraged him to go on. At length, some of his essays falling

into the hands of a lady of quality, who attended on the late queen Caroline, he became known to her majesty, who took him under her protection, and settled on him a yearly pension about thirty pounds. This Duck very gratefully acknowledges, in the dedication of his 'Poems' to the queen.

Duck was afterwards admitted into orders, and preferred the living of Byfleet, in Surry. He had taken some pains to master the Latin tongue. At Byfleet he continued for man years to make Poems and Sermons, and was mightily followed by the people as a preacher; till, falling at length into a low-spirited melancholy way, he flung himself into the Thames from a bridge near Reading, and was drowned. This unhappy accident, for he was perfectly lunatic, befel him some time in June 1756.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ORATORY is one of those charms which have seduced mankind in all, but I almost begin to think that like other *charms*, there is more of witchcraft than human agency in it, and more of pleasure than utility to be derived from it, I have little doubt that this opinion will appear no better than downright heresy in an age when oratory is cultivated in a much higher degree than formerly, and when he who speaks longest is supposed to speak best. I derive my opinion, however, from a pretty attentive observation of the effects of oratory on all classes of men, from the august senate to the petty debating club. In the former I never yet heard of a man receiving *conviction*, nor in the latter *information*, from oratory.

Oratory, it may be granted, is a very delightful thing. It is a matter of great curiosity, to hear one of our modern Ciceros tossing about a great quantity of tropes and metaphors for three or four hours together, and exhausting his lungs in proportion as he wears out the patience of the hearers. Yet when the curious part of this scene is over, how much remains. The hearers have a confused remembrance of something, they know not what, which occasionally tickled their ears, and thrilled their nerves; but if they are to exert the prerogative of a vote, it is precisely the same as they would have given if the orator had made as many signs as he spoke words.

It appears to be very surprising that so much should be attributed to oratory when it really performs so little. An eminent periodical writer says that he would recommend oratory, if he could once find a speaker in Change Alley raising the price of stocks by the power of eloquence, and I should yet more heartily subscribe to the magic powers of oratory, if a man could, by the graces of elocution, reduce the price of provisions; or, by a happy selection of tropes and metaphors, enable us to pay taxes without a murmur. Indeed of eloquence I am inclined to ask the same questions as sir John Falstaff asks respecting honour: — Can honour set a leg? No! Or an arm? No! Or take away the grief of a wound? No! It would be a glorious thing indeed if oratory could

provide for any of the necessities of life; if, for instance, a man, somewhat embarrassed near quarter day, could go upon the Royal Exchange, and, by a few flowers of rhetoric, obtain the loan of a sum of money.

Divines indeed have claimed oratory as one of their privileges, but we do not find that many are eminently distinguished as orators, unless by the rebounding effect of their voices on the walls of an empty church, while an illiterate mechanic, who deals about him nothing but terror and alarm, shall be heard with attention by a congregation too large for any church. Lawyers, too, study this art, because they fancy they gain their causes by it. Alas! take away the evidence of the witnesses, and what becomes of their oratory? Besides, I have observed, lately, and I will appeal to the experience of my readers for the truth of it, that many of our modern orators study so much how to say fine things, and cull uncommon expressions, and far-fetched metaphors and comparisons, as to be far beyond the reach of a mixed audience. This seems to amount to a proof that oratory is of no other use than to show that a man has a good memory, and very good lungs; and if he does not speak to the purpose himself, will be able to take up the time of those who would.

Politicians, above all others, are attached to the study of oratory, which appears to me (who think so heretically on that subject) to be very surprising for what it has done for them. Oratory can neither make war nor peace; it is of no use in raising the finances, and the most brilliant chancellor of the exchequer must confess that his finest turned periods, and most apt antithesis never made a tax gentle or palatable.

But to revert a little to politics. The *talking* part of politics may possibly be very well performed by oratory; but that is a small part *necessarily*, though custom has enlarged it. The *active* part never was in any instance indebted to the most brilliant eloquence. If a general could make a speech of three hours to his army before an engagement, of what consequence would it be but to weaken his opportunity by giving his enemy time to act while he was talking.

In a word, sir, if we examine universally into the uses of oratory, the actual benefits it has conferred upon mankind, I almost venture to say that we shall find them so very few, as to recommend it rather as an amusement than a necessary accomplishment, and more fit for the school than either the pulpit, the bar, or the senate. What is it but mere sound when put in competition with a few plain and unornamental facts spoken intelligibly, and from the heart uttered with sincerity, and directed by honest intentions? Deprive our long orations of what is redundant and figurative, and it will appear, either that truth has been loaded with ornament to a degree of obscurity, or that falsehood has been put into the garb of truth and sincerity, for the purposes of temporary delusion and popular clamour.

I am, sir, &c.

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 487.]

LETTER LXXXIII.

Lord Dormont to Mr. Villers.

Sandford Hall, Aug. 10.

I THANK you, dear Bob, for your care and attention. I arrived here last night, and found every thing in excellent order for our reception: John had arrived the day before. My wife has been in a plaguy ill humour ever since our first altercation. She threatens, she reproaches, and she weeps by turns; whilst I treat all with equal indifference. I affect sometimes to be more passionate than I really am, and rate my servant in a manner that almost frightens her. This may perhaps be a low piece of art; but the woman I have to deal with requires art as well as courage, and I see I must be steady to gain my point. She really has more wit and understanding than I imagined; and were she not so confounded vain and headstrong, something might be made of her: but I must try to mortify the one bad quality, and overcome the other.

As our quarrels have some portion of entertainment, I shall relate the most particular. — On receipt of my remittance, and your letter stating that you had secured the house, I desired madam to get ready to accompany me next morning. — 'Indeed she should go no where but to London.' — 'Would you wish to go to London this hot weather; there was no company in London now.' — 'She should have no objection to the country for the hot months, but, as I had spoken of this place as her settled residence, she was determined to go to London and no where else.' — 'Well then,' said I, 'walk yourself off, if you please, but the deuce a bit of means shall you have to take you, or keep you there.' — 'She would go to lady Stanley.' — 'Lady Stanley, madam, knows better than to receive my wife without the consent of her husband.' — She flew into a most violent rage, told me I was a villain, I had deceived her, I was false to my promises; and all the rest of the tragedy rant a disappointed and romantic woman could utter, did she let loose upon me. I heard it all with great composure, adjusting my cravat at the glass. When I had so done, I turned to her, and, in a resolute tone, told her, all those airs signified nothing; she was in my power, and I would use it. It was therefore for her interest that she should submit with a grace, for submit to my will she should: it was not my intention to use her ill, nor should she have cause to call me a villain; but by *** (and I swore a great oath) if she would not behave as a married woman ought to behave, and make my life comfortable, I would leave her, and she might seek her remedy where she would. She lifted up her hands and eyes, 'Are all your protestations come to this?'

'No more exclaiming,' said I;

'will you go with me and my sister into Hampshire, or not?'

'I go,' said she, 'because I cannot help myself; but ....'

'No buts; I will hear no more of your incoherent nonsense, but get the maid of the house to pack up your trunk.'

She should employ no maid of the house, she had her own maid.

'But you have not,' said I; 'she is discharged an hour ago, and you will not see her again; for she knows not the name of the place to which you are going.'

'Insolent!' she said: 'how dare you, sir; and pray, if I may be so bold — (in a most passionate and ironical tone) — pray where is my servant gone?'

'To the devil for what I know. To say the truth, I think an intriguing chamber-maid an unnecessary appendage to a young wife; so last night, after you were retired, I paid her her wages, and dismissed her; and ordered her to decamp before you was up this morning, without troubling you on the business.'

'Very pretty, truly! and this is the fruit of the fine professions of everlasting love and submission to all my wishes! Already you have broken my word, and given the lie to all your flattering speeches. Oh! could I but have been wise enough to see through your artful flattery!'

I observed, with great indifference, that the incense of flattery was always offered at the shrine of folly.

She was extravagantly angry at this remark — I was a villain again, and all that was bad.

'Come, come,' said I, 'it is of no use to rave and complain; you are married; I will use the authority of a husband: if you deserve my love you shall have it; but without submission and acquiescence you never will.'

She was forced to be silent; the carriage came to the door, and I handed her into it like a true Petruchio: but I despair making her the patient Catharine. Since our arrival here she has been extremely sulky; nothing pleases; but I take no notice. I shall keep my sister here the remainder of the summer. I intend visiting town next week, and shall take a peep at you before I return. In the mean time, I remain,

Dear Bob,

Yours,

Dormont.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Bob,

I was prevented from visiting you in Wiltshire as I intended. I was detained in town longer than I expected in my business with Wentworth's lawyer. We principals do not meet; at which I am best pleased. I cannot say but I should feel myself (although a lord) abashed by his presence. I certainly have not acted right by Wentworth. The necessity of my affairs is my only excuse; — a poor excuse the good folk would say; and we that are not good cannot but think so. There is a certain troublesome monitor within that will tell us at times, whether we will hear it or not, what is right, and what is wrong. — But hang reflection; what is done is done, and I must endeavour to wipe out one bad action by the performance of a good one. Will

that do, think you, Bob? I doubt not. But hang it, I am low-spirited. I will tell you what I think of doing by way of compounding. I will settle an annuity on Nancy Morris and her boy:—the girl I seduced from her parents' cottage in your neighbourhood, and deserted. She, poor thing, was young and vain enough to think I should marry her, so fell a victim to my arts. I really feel ashamed of myself for this. A poor, illiterate girl was not a match for my contrivances; whereas the woman I am married to was, from her education (at least ought to have been), qualified to see through all my motives, and would, no doubt, but from her extreme vanity. Do, Bob, inquire what is become of this girl; if she is not (as is most likely) thrown on the town, and become abandoned, being turned out of doors by her father, I will settle fifty pounds a-year on her, or give her five hundred pounds in marriage with some man suitable to her station. The child, if living, I will provide for. I will send him, when old enough, to a school in Yorkshire. He shall have a good common education, and I will place him to business as his capacity may turn out. And this is all the compensation I can now make. I wish I had never seen the wench. Wentworth has produced his account as guardian for his uncle's daughter; and has reckoned in his drawback sums, for her clothes purchased in London, to a large amount, but not more than was suitable to her fortune, which turns out to be sixty, instead of fifty thousand pounds: five hundred pounds for this, and fifteen hundred pounds for jewels: a thousand pounds her gaming debts, which he paid, he charges: three hundred pounds for her board and maintenance, including the voyage. Now all this is a cursed drawback; but when I consider her fortune is ten thousand pounds more than I expected, and that the greater part of her gaming debts were lost to myself, I cannot be so mean as to dispute it with him. The clothes he has sent her, so they are in my possession, and I need not buy her more. The jewels are not sent; I may have them, or not, by paying the money; and I think I will allow the money: they are marketable at any time; and, for my own credit, she must appear as lady Dormont. I have signified my compliance with this demand, and our several agents are ordered to draw the proper releases. I go home to my wife. I shall do all I can to reclaim her as well as myself, for I think we both need it: but I must keep better company to be reclaimed myself; and something uncommon must happen to cure her vanity and subdue her pride. The first I may perhaps find; but I fear nothing short of ill health to destroy beauty will do the latter. I hope to see you at Sandford Hall soon, and am,

Yours, truly,

DORMONT.

LETTER LXXXV.

Miss West to Mrs. West.

Hampstead.

I THANK you, my dear mother, for your affectionate letter. Your kind proposal of prolonging my visit, and enjoying the society of our now happy friends, is only a repeated proof of your maternal

tenderness. But indeed, my dear mother, I shall not think of it; I should not be happy to leave you with only a servant. If Mrs. Bishop, as you say you expect, should come, I might be easy; but not else.

We are all here in a good train. We see Wentworth every day, and Mr. Johnson often. But he has business in town that engages him a good deal. Yesterday, Mr. Wentworth informed us he had nearly finished his business with lord Dormont. He had acceded to the account he had rendered as trustee to the lady's fortune, and nothing now remained, but the signing mutual releases. The lawyers were to attend him to-morrow for the purpose: the sum he had retained, he said, amounted to three thousand pounds, which he should continue in the funds, and suffer the interest to accumulate for her use, in case, by extravagance, or other accidents, she might be reduced to want it, but not else; for although his own fortune was sufficient for every thing a man of moderate wishes could possibly want, yet there was no addition but might find proper objects to partake of it; and that as he hoped ever to bear in mind that the gifts of fortune were only talents but to be accounted for hereafter, it was his present intention to employ them to the uses for which they were given to the best of his abilities; that taken in this view the desire of wealth was laudable, but the love of money, merely for its own sake, was indeed the root of all evil. — 'I cannot but feel a satisfaction,' said he, 'in having it in my power to fulfil the dying request of her worthy father by taking care of his daughter; and this sum, should it be left some years to accumulate, will be a provision, and make up, in some degree, for the want of a settlement, which, from the fortune she has brought lord Dormont, she was intitled to, and which, if he were a man of principle and honour, he would have done of his own free will. But what could be expected from a man that could act as he has done? I shall take care, by a testamentary instrument, that he shall not in his own person be benefited by this reserve, and my lawyer has instructions for this purpose. I have also obtained colonel Ambrose's permission to join him, with my friend Johnson, in a settlement on my dear Maria.'

'Oh! dear,' said she blushing, 'I bring you nothing; I am not intitled to a settlement.'

'You bring me every thing,' replied he, 'in yourself; of more value to me is that self, than would be the wealth of both the Indies; but the mutability of human affairs makes it prudent to guard as much as possible against all contingencies. I will settle on you a third part of my fortune. And now, my dear Maria, as things are in this train, I see not why my happiness should be longer postponed. The lawyers have promised all shall be ready next week, and I solicit the favour of an early day.'

'How,' said she, 'Mr. Wentworth, shall I express myself suitably to your generosity? You have left me nothing to wish, nothing to ask, unless it be your consent to postpone the day a little longer.'

'How long, my dear Maria, would you wish to defer it?'

She paused — 'It is, you know, only seven weeks since the change

in your affairs commenced. I think, at least four months ought to elapse for the sake of appearance. But if you think otherwise, I will name three.'

'And is this your wish?'

'It is,' said she: 'but to end the matter, suppose we put it to a reference; and I will name for my reference, miss West; and you shall name Mr. Wilson.'

'Be it so,' said he, 'and I will propose it this evening.'

'But suppose,' said I, 'we should not agree in opinion; who shall decide?'

'We will choose for our umpire my friend Johnson.'

'No,' said she, smiling, 'he will be partial.'

'Why then,' said he, 'Mrs. Wilson shall be the umpire.'

'A lucky choice,' said I; 'for by that you will make it quite a game of chance, as it depends on the humour she may be in on which side she will determine.'

This pleasantry led us to talk of the oddity and absurdity of this woman; and Wentworth and myself were beginning to be very merry at her expence; when Maria, with one of her grave looks, checked us by observing, that however odd and absurd she was sometimes, it was more from defect of temper than real badness of disposition; that she had on the whole behaved very friendly: she therefore should not join us in ridiculing her.

Wentworth kissed her hand for her sentiment, and Mrs. Wilson was spared. He staid with us all the evening, and Mr. Johnson, returning from town, joined us at supper; after which, Mr. Wentworth began by saying, that as we were all well acquainted with his affairs, and he flattered himself that he was ranked among the number of our friends, he had a proposal to submit to the determination of the company; and, stating the conversation that had just passed, added—'Now, miss West, what say you?'

'I am of opinion,' said I, 'that miss Vernon shows great propriety in postponing it at least to the three months end.'

'Well, Mr. Wilson, now your opinion.'

'Mine is,' said he, 'that the ceremony may be performed the day after all writings are signed; I see no cause for delay at all.'

'Nor I, neither,' said Mr. Johnson.

'You are not the umpire, sir,' said Maria, smiling.—'You see,' said she, turning to Wentworth, 'I told you your friend would be partial.'

He laughed, and, bowing to Mrs. Wilson,—'Now, madam, on your decision hangs my destiny; I invoke your favour.'

This respectful behaviour, added to the pleasantry of the business, had put her into a very good humour; and she delivered herself more sensibly than I had expected. She said, to be sure miss Vernon's reasons for deferring it had weight as to the eyes of the world; but as things were, taking them altogether, she thought it might with propriety be dispensed with. But in order to strike the line between two opinions, she proposed this day month for the ceremony, and should be happy to make her house the place of reception for the day; in which request Mr. Wilson joined.

Wentworth bowed respectfully and thanked her; Maria blushed, and I laughed. Johnson and Mr. Wilson filled a bumper to the

happy day; and, after shaking hands with the gentlemen, and a salute to all the ladies, they took leave for the night. At parting, Wentworth presented Maria with a box; it contained very handsome jewels for the hair and wrists. There was a note in it, sealed, directed to miss Vernon. The contents was an inclosed bank note of fifty pounds, which he requested her to present to me in her own name, as he by no means wished that I should know it came from him, as it would wound my feelings if I thought I owed an obligation; whereas my acceptance would give him a higher satisfaction than any thanks I might return. What a generous, noble-minded, delicate man is this: — I fear there are but few such. How very fortunate is it for me to have found one who can confer a favour so gracefully. I think this letter will give you entertainment and pleasure. You will please to let me know if Mrs. Bishop comes; if not, I shall next week return home with the greatest pleasure.

In the mean time I remain, your
Your ever dutiful
and affectionate,
SUSAN WEST.

ELEPHANTS.

ACCOUNT *of a* MALE *and* FEMALE ELEPHANT, *kept in the Menagerie of the Garden of Plants, at Paris.*

BY SONINI.

IT is not only in the mild temperature of luxurious Asia, that man is proud of holding in dependence the largest, as well as the most intelligent, of animals. European princes have sought to imitate, in some degree, this Asiatic luxury, and have had transported, from time to time, at a great expence, elephants to be kept in their menageries, where they necessarily lose a part of their faculties, as well from the difference of climate, as from the small and confined space in proportion to their bulk, which is necessarily allotted to them. Whatever degradation, however, results from servitude and constraint; whatever alterations may be produced, not only in the native disposition, but in the external formation, by a less serene sky, and by a less heated atmosphere, yet, even in these expatriated elephants, may be found the same qualities as distinguish them when living in a state of liberty, or rather in a state of voluntary domesticity, in their natal country. I have thought, therefore, that it would not be uninteresting to give a detail of the observations which have been hitherto made upon the two elephants which have been brought up in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants at Paris. For the greater part of them, indeed, I am indebted to Delaunay, to whom natural history, in general, is under great obligations, both for the assiduity with which he collects facts, and the unwillingness with which he communicates them.

The two elephants, male and female, which are now at Paris, are, it is said, originally from Ceylon; they are about seventeen years old, and they were not above two when they arrived in Holland for the menagerie of the Stadtholder. Their size was then about that of an ordinary horse, and from that period they have continued gradually to increase.

It was not a small difficulty to convey these two enormous masses from Loo to Paris. They tried many cages for the purpose: the first, constructed too weak in the joints, was soon broken by the elephants; and they had a great deal of trouble to make them enter a second; nor was it, till after having habituated them to take their foot in it, that they succeeded in inclosing each of them in separate apartments. At first, they made incredible efforts to break down the partition: but having found that their endeavours were vain, they became resigned, and remained tranquil during the rest of the journey, which lasted for seven months.

Being detained five months at Cambray, on account of the destruction of the roads, they lost their tusks in some violent efforts which they made from being imprudently provoked. These tusks were not above six inches in length; and there is every appearance that they will breed new ones as they advance in age.

The two movable prisons in which these elephants arrived, are preserved in the menagerie at Paris. While we contemplate the solidity of their construction, we may judge of the constraint which these animals must have endured during so long a journey. Not being able to enjoy any progressive motion, they contracted a habit of balancing themselves, but each in a different manner.—The male, for example, advancing one of the front feet, and drawing back one of the hind ones, on the opposite side, gave to his body a slow oscillation backwards and forwards; the female was content with lifting her head up and down briskly.

They have a great deal of flexibility and suppleness in the articulation of their joints; they easily bend, and frequently lie and wallow about.—The female usually sleeps in a recumbent posture, but only during the night. The male does not lie down so often, and it has been observed, that neither of them repose if they are agitated by any inquietude; their sleep is not very profound, and they spring up quickly at the least noise which they hear; so much do they fear to be surprised, and to be unable to employ all their strength in case of danger. This restless inquietude never forsakes them. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could be induced to enter the small inclosure prepared for them at the end of their stable, for the purpose of enjoying the open air; but this inclosure is in fact too confined for animals of so vast a bulk. The female, less cautious, or more curious, first resolved to quit the stable; but it was not till after much hesitation and many precautions. The male, more mistrustful, remained a long time without daring to follow the female; but after having examined their new inclosure, and being convinced there was no danger, they began to run about, and to utter cries expressive of their contentment. At first they shut the door of the stable, in order to force them to remain in their sort of park; but the male, who perceived it, grew angry, and he would have shattered the door in a thousand pieces, if they had not quickly opened it—he then entered the stable, and would not quit it any more till the next day. When the two elephants have been a long time confined, on account of the rain or cold wea-

ther, they show a great deal of pleasure at the recovery of a shadow of liberty. This pleasure they express by leaps, cries, peculiar motions of their trunks, trotting, &c. Often the female approaches toward the male, puts her trunk in his ear, and seems to whisper—sometimes, also, she utters a shrill and piercing cry. Their first care, when they enter their little park, is to run to a trough which is kept full of water; they suck in the water, and fill their trunks with it, and they spurt it out over each other's body. When the ground is saturated with the water thus thrown about, they roll themselves on it; and this habit is a proof how much a pond, in which they could bathe and wash themselves, would be agreeable.—Both in the park and in the stable, they often throw hay and even dung on their bodies. When in the park, they often make holes with their feet—they collect the earth together, and often carry it to their mouths, and sometimes scatter it over themselves till they are quite dirty and dusty. Sometimes they throw or blow it at the spectators, or at the centinel, and even at their cornak, (the groom which attends them). This is sometimes meant as sport, and sometimes as a sign of impatience and anger.

These animals are particularly fond of breaking whatever is within their reach: it is an exercise of their strength which seems to give great pleasure. If they succeed so far as to bend whatever they wish to break, they never cease till they have accomplished it; but if their first efforts are not successful, they never renew the attempt.

Though voracious eaters, they are, notwithstanding, difficult and fastidious in their choice of food. They separate their hay with a great deal of care; they prefer grass, and they look for and reject the small plants and the leaves which they find mixed with it. They have been seen this year to separate with great attention the leaves of a plantain, which, the preceding year, they did not refuse to eat. I am astonished that, notwithstanding the knowledge we have of the manner in which wild elephants nourish themselves, they do not offer to those of the menagerie branches of trees, and even the whole of young trees, which they would like to break and eat.

Though not possessing many opportunities for developing that intelligence which renders this species of animal so interesting, yet these elephants, notwithstanding the constraint in which they constantly lived, gave many instances of sensibility, of reflection, and a sort of combination.

Separated from each other during a long and tedious journey, the moment they met again was to them a moment of great joy, and to the observer of nature, a curious event. When the female entered the stable which was prepared for her, and which was divided into two compartments, communicated with each other by a door, she uttered first of all a cry expressive of her joy at being at liberty: she did not perceive the male who was already in the compartment, occupied in eating. Neither did he think that his companion was so near him; but the cornak having called him, he turned round, and immediately these two animals ran toward each other, and began to utter cries of joy so lively and so loud, that the whole place shook:

at the same time they made a sort of noise with their trunks, which resembled a strong wind. The joy of the female was the most impetuous, and she expressed it particularly by a quick flapping of her ears, which she moved like the wings of a bird, and with an extreme celerity. She moved her trunk over the body of the male with tenderness and delight: she directed it particularly towards his ear, where she held it some time; often, too, after having passed it over the whole body of the male, she brought it towards her own mouth. The male also passed his trunk over her body: but his joy was more concentrated, and he seemed to express it by tears, which flowed in abundance from his eyes. One of the naturalists belonging to the museum of natural history, wished one day to draw the elephants. He was introduced into one of the compartments; but his presence, from some motive or other, displeased the animals. Hardly had the artist begun his labours, when the male, without being perceived, took out the peg with his trunk, which kept the door fast, and opened it. He was preparing to inflict vengeance on his victim, if the female, who luckily heard the noise, had not turned round, and placed herself suddenly across the door to prevent the male from coming out; she drove him to the other side, and, with a blow of the nose, in a contrary direction to that given by the male, she closed the door again: all which afforded time and opportunity for the artist to escape. It is affirmed that, on this occasion, the physiognomy of the two animals assumed quite a different appearance; and, it is impossible to deny, that their conduct was the result of a prompt, just, and opposite combination.

A private centinel, who was faithful to his trust, when it was his turn to guard the elephants, forbad visitors to give them any thing to eat. Such conduct was not calculated to gain their love: the female in particular viewed it with offence, and she had already given proofs of her disgust by sprinkling his head with her trunk. But still the soldier was strict to his duty: and one day, when there were a great number of spectators, he received first of all some water on his head; but, continuing to forbid any bread, &c. to be given to them, the female, irritated, seized his musket, turned it round with her trunk, threw it to her feet, and did not quit it till she had twisted it like a gun-worm.

These elephants appeared very sensible of music at a concert which was given to them by the performers of the Opera. The female, in particular, more susceptible, seemed to balance herself in cadence, and to mark the measure.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 594.]

CHAP. XX.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-Hall.

IT is nearly a month since my friend left me. I have not received one letter, nor the smallest

tidings of my husband till last night; when a few trifling things, which I had ordered from the village milliner's, came home about seven o'clock in an old newspaper. I was sitting pensively in my dressing-room, when Ann brought them in. She put the contents in a band-box, but left the wrapper on the table. After she was retired, I almost unconsciously took up the paper; and every feeling of the wife and mother was roused even to agony, by the following paragraph: — 'Late last night, the earl of W——, accompanied by his *chere amie*, the captivating miss L——, who has lately caused such a commotion among the beaux and pretty fellows at Brighton, left that place for London. This precipitate retreat has caused much speculation in the fashionable circles; and it is generally believed that the magnificent presents made by lord W—— to that lady, was the cause of quarrel between her and the old lady C——, whose son had declared himself an honourable lover to the fair L——. It is likewise hinted, that if my lord continues to lavish those splendid gifts on his favourite, his fortune, large as it is, will suffer extremely. We are sorry to hear this for the sake of his very beautiful countess, and amiable children: but we hope he will stop in time, and not suffer himself to be lured to destruction by this fascinating siren.'

After I had read this mortifying intelligence, I sat stupidly staring at the letters, till they disappeared and formed one indistinct mass. I shed no tear; I heaved no sigh: but, throwing the fatal paper from me, sought my children. My little girl was sleeping in her cradle; Adolphus sitting pensively on the ground.

'Are you not well, my dear boy?'

'Yes, mamma. — But what a long week this is: I want papa to come home, and bring my horse: Oh! how I will gallop him! Is not the week almost gone, mamma?'

This was more than I could bear. I pushed the inquiring boy from me, and rushed out into the open air. I blush now at the recollection of the gloomy despair with which I threw myself down on the ground, and called on death to end my woes. I thought on the days which were past; when Walsingham gazed on me with delight; when my mind was expanded and improved by his loved conversation. When to look back on the past was peace — to enjoy the present, happiness — to hail the future, content. — Now I looked back on the past with regret — the present with sorrow — the future with dread. The bitter contrast forced the kindly gush from me, which eased my bursting heart. I gazed around me; no eye beheld the sorrows of my heart — but that tremendous one which pierces through the inmost recesses of the wicked, and develops the secret machinations of the crafty. To him I bent the humble and suppliant knee; beseeching him to grant me fortitude and strength equal to the affliction he might see good to inflict. I arose with a full assurance of his gracious protection for myself and children. A sweet serenity, a holy calmness had taken possession of my heart, which had so lately been agitated by the keenest sensations. I am

sure at that moment I experienced more true pleasure than the treacherous guilty Lester has done in the most triumphant hour of her success, in her cruel schemes.

I pursued my walk, glowing with gratitude to that bounteous Creator, who had caused the heart of her who was in trouble to leap with joy; who had clothed every tree, every hedge, with verdure and beauty. The glorious sun was sinking fast behind the western hills, and gilding the surrounding scenery with tints of golden hue. The balmy breeze was impregnated with sweets; the ground appeared a carpet of exquisite workmanship, embroidered with the most vivid colours. I was in a flowery lane; a low hedge of quickset on my right hand, over which I could view the open country. On the left, high trees were planted at equal distances; alternate bushes of sweet-briar and tuberoses placed between the whole length of the walk; and, on the other side of them, murmured a running brook. I was transported at the beauty which surrounded me, and even felt happy. Yes, the deserted, the despised Caroline could feel happy in the consciousness of an innocent heart. She could feel pity, too, for the misguided Walsingham; for the guilty, wicked Helen. He cannot esteem her, said I, mentally; his prepossession is but a gust of passion, which must sooner or later subside; then let me, though I have lost his love, act so as to command his esteem, and the approbation of my own heart.

My soliloquy was interrupted by a hurried and agitated step on the other side of the left hand hedge. I looked through a small opening, and saw a female, whose form seemed slight as the bending ozier. Her dress was white, and fell in graceful drapery. I could not see her face. Her back was toward me, but her long flaxen hair floated on the evening breeze. She moved again with hurry and disorder; I could then discern a fair and interesting face, but pale as mountain snow. Her eyes, a languishing blue, seemed dissolved in tender sorrow. She cast them on the water, then up to heaven, with such a look of woe! then crossed her arms on her white bosom, and paced backwards and forwards on the margin of the stream.

I almost thought Pity had assumed a human form, and chose this delightful solitude for her residence: she looked so pensive, so woe-begone, so interesting. She stopped opposite me, while I stood concealed by the luxuriant boughs of a wild rose-bush. She wrung her hands, her look expressed unutterable woe; and, with a voice of piercing sensibility, exclaimed, 'Oh! my father! my dear, unhappy father! who shall speak peace to thy broken heart when thou shalt hear of thy wretched child's fate?'

She approached nearer to the water, and the horrid apprehension that she was about to force, unbidden into a dread eternity, caused me to rush from my concealment. The suddenness of my motion, and the eagerness with which I grasped her arm, startled her, and she sunk affrighted at my feet. She looked wildly on my face, 'Surely an angel, and not a woman,' said she, 'stands before me!'

'Rise,' said I, 'and gaze not

thus on one who not only bears an affinity to you by the bonds of mortality, but, like yourself, carries the rankling arrows of affliction in her bosom. One who claims you for a sister in misery and sorrow.'

I assisted to raise her — 'But what heavy calamity,' continued I, 'can have assailed so fair, so youthful a form, as to drive thee to despair — to tempt the reluctant spirit from its tenement of humanity; and force the unbidden soul into the presence of its Creator?' She once more sunk at my feet; and, clasping my knees, said, — 'Let, O let not that angelic pity, now beeming from your mild eye, be changed to anger or contempt. I am *not* so impatient, so base a wretch, as to wish, by the dreadful act of suicide, to escape the chastisement of a kind, though frowning providence. No; every affliction, every painful, every humiliating, vicissitude that may be inflicted on me I can bear; and, with cheerful resignation, exclaim, "Father, thy will be done."

She rose from her knees. A beautiful, mantling glow of holy enthusiasm animated her soft features. — 'But the agitations you, madam, witnessed, were not merely for my own sorrows: the peace of an only and beloved parent is concerned, who is ignorant of the misery which awaits him; and mine is the cruel task, to tear the veil of fancied happiness from his eyes, and to disclose a secret which I fear will bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

Her head sunk on her bosom: the lovely glow, which so lately overspread her face, was fled: the tears of filial affection trickled down her pale cheeks and fell on a bosom, which might have vied with the Alpine snows for fairness.

You will not wonder, my dear mamma, that I was affected by this interesting girl, and determined to alleviate her sorrows if possible.

'Think me not importunate,' said I, 'if I express a curiosity to hear your mournful tale. Disappointment and sorrow have taught me to feel another's woe with the sensibility of a sister. That you may not feel a reluctance to communicate it to a stranger, I will inform you that I am wife to the owner of this park, and you may confide in my honour.'

'Then it is the incomparable, the bounteous, lady Walsingham I have the honour to address! The noble benefactress in whose praise I have so often, since my abode at the village, heard the lisping voice of infamy, and the loquacious tongue of age, expatiating with grateful rapture! Yes, madam; to your ladyship's ear I can unfold, with confidence, a tale which has filled my bosom with horror: because, when you cannot but censure, still you pity; and the pity of lady Walsingham is balm to the wounded spirit. It is extremely disagreeable to my feeling, to have, in the course of my narrative, occasion to speak of the weak credulity of a sister; but if your ladyship will have the goodness to sit down on this bank of wild thyme, I will relate, in as few words as possible, the history of myself and my unfortunate sister.'

I sat down on the bank, and made her sit by me; when she began in the following words: —

'My father, whose name is Maynard, resides in the neighbouring village. He was married in early life to a woman he tenderly loved; I was born in the first year of their marriage; and three years after, the birth of my sister Lucy cost us all dear, by depriving us of a tender mother, and my father of a faithful and affectionate friend; for whose sake he determined to remain a widower, and dedicate his time to the education of his children. But a lady, in whose family my mother had been brought up, prevailed on my father to deliver me to her care; and promised to love me, for my mother's sake. My father, fully persuaded it would be for my advantage, sacrificed his own feelings for my improvement, and thankfully accepted her offer. He then, with my sister Lucy and her nurse, retired from the noise and bustle of the metropolis to a neat cottage in the village, and became the tenant of lord Walsingham when he was but a youth.

'Lucy grew up under her father's watchful eye, who took pleasure in instructing her in arithmetic, and in endeavouring to give her a taste for the British classics, and the geography of her own country. But, unhappily, Lucy was possessed of a restless disposition. The delightful shades of Walsingham-park were to her a dreary solitude, and the sweet simplicity of a village life became disgustful. She sighed for gay amusements, for the bustle of public life; and the smiles of contentment no longer irradiated her countenance. With extreme concern my father beheld a fretful, peevish temper growing fast upon her. She would no longer of an evening sing him his favourite tune, nor gather him a morning bouquet for the chimney of his little parlour. Singing hymns, she said, made her melancholy; and it was of no use gathering flowers to decorate rooms where no visitors came: that he and she could see them grow in the garden, where they were sweeter and better than drooping in water. My father, convinced by this perverse inattention to his comfort, that it would be in vain endeavouring to open her eyes to the happiness which surrounded her in her present situation, wrote to a sister he has about sixty miles hence, to inform her that Lucy was coming to spend a few months at Westbery farm. This sister had offered to take Lucy when my mother died; but my father declined her proposal, being unable to part with us both. He read the letter to my sister, who expressed so much joy at the thought of her journey, and so little regret at leaving a father who loved her with so much tenderness, and had so often sacrificed his own pleasure for her, that he could not help expressing a little displeasure; but he soon checked it, by reflecting that youth was fond of gaiety, of change, and of folly in every shape. He therefore kissed her, and, giving her a small sum of money, bade her furnish herself with necessaries requisite for her journey.

'My father has also a sister in genteel circumstances in London; but he preferred sending Lucy to Mrs. Westbery's, whose husband is a large farmer, and in whose numerous family, consisting of three sons and five daughters, augmented by a long list of domestics, she would find herself in a public situation, compared with

the quiet home she had left: and he thought the life she would lead, and the amusement she would follow at Westbery farm, would be replete with less dangers to an innocent, unsuspecting girl, than the wild dissipations of a town life.

'My father also wrote to Mrs. Montague, requesting her to permit me to be with him on the day Lucy was to commence her journey, and to stay with him a few weeks. The inestimable woman, to whom this request was addressed, never turned a deaf ear to the voice of reason. To her the humble petitioner might come with full assurance of his grievance being redressed — of having more than strict justice done him, though it should militate against her own interest.

'She immediately answered my father's letter, and promised not only for my coming, but that she herself would accompany me.—I should have informed your ladyship, that Mrs. Montague was a widow lady, without children. Her fortune was large and independent; and, as she had had me under her care from three years of age, she kindly considered me as a daughter, and honoured me with her unbounded affection. Any improvement, any embellishment, my mind may have received, I owe entirely to her care and generosity; for she endeavoured to form me from her own model.—

'The education she was pleased to bestow on me was at once good and solid. The superfluous and ornamental accomplishments, taught at the fashionable schools, she did not choose I should be made acquainted with. She excepted music, of which science she was passionately fond.

'Her kind partiality for her favourite led her sometimes to say that she had injured, by a confined education, a mind nature never intended should be cramped; but she would add, I have put into your hands, Jessy, authors of the first respectability in your own language; and it is with infinite satisfaction I observe you distinguish and relish their beauties: the precepts they inculcate, and the axioms they hold up for general imitation, are most excellent; and, if followed, will afford you more real happiness than you could derive from the most brilliant establishment, the most shining accomplishments. Should you ever be wealthy, they will teach you humanity: they will prompt the benevolent wish to alleviate the wants and necessities of the less fortunate. — Should my dear girl be destined at any time to feel the chilling blast of poverty, the lessons she has learned from these instructors will soften the dreary scene, and illume with the sun-shine of content even a cottage, where want might sometimes intrude. They would lead her thoughts from terrestrial cares to immortal happiness.

'But my kind, my amiable benefactress had taken special care that I should never feel the horrors of want; for, on my first going to reside with her, she sunk a sum in tontine, which in seven years would bring me in fifty pounds a-year for life: when I was ten years of age the time was expired; but the sum which she every half year received, she placed in my father's hands for my use when I should marry, or no longer reside with her. — Your ladyship will have the goodness to excuse the effusions of an obliged heart, which

cannot mention the name of Montague without uttering blessings on the departed saint who once was distinguished here by her goodness.—

'On the morning appointed for Lucy's departure from her father's, Mrs. Montague and I arrived at the cottage. He received us with transport, and after gazing on me for some time, he turned to my benefactress.

"How shall I ever be able to thank you, madam, for making my child what I see she is?"

"By saying not a word about the matter," said the kind lady: —"This girl, continued she, looking affectionately at me, has amply compensated, by the docility of her disposition, every exertion on my part."

'Lucy wept for joy at seeing me, and looked half repentant that she was so soon to quit us. But the bustle of our arrival had subsided before the chaise, which was to carry her away, arrived; so that when it did come, with one of her cousins in it, she very cheerfully bade us adieu. My father was much hurt at her indifference on leaving him, for the first time; but Mrs. Montague exerted all her entertaining powers (which were not few) to divert him. She called off his attention from his absent daughter, by talking of the one he had present. What happy days were those! She was all condescension—all goodness. She would sometimes remind my father of his lost wife, my departed mother; and he would sit pensively gazing on her benevolent countenance till the big tears chaced each other down the venerable furrows of his face: furrows sculptured by the hand of sorrow, not of time. She would then lead him to a little arbour, formed by his own hands, at the bottom of his garden: she would there speak of her husband, whom she never ceased regretting in secret, for she never obtruded her own sorrows on any one, unless to mitigate them by the comparison, and speak of the short time, according to the course of nature, which would elapse before they should all meet to part no more. By this sympathizing behaviour, and by mingling her tears with his, she would arm his soul with fortitude. And often would she desire me to sing some little pathetic air of her own composing: and, joining her voice with mine, in soft music, beguile his sorrows, and sooth her own. Each of them would take a hand of their Jessica, and thus return to the house; not only resigned, but happy.

'Thus did four delightful months pass; and when we daily expected to see Lucy return, a letter came from her aunt, acquainting my father that Lucy found herself so happy, and was so content, in her present situation, that she hoped he would indulge her in her request of continuing at Westbury farm, at least for the winter: adding, that Lucy was extremely useful to her, if he could dispense with her company.

'This last consideration determined my father to let her remain, though he was displeased at her wishing to protract her stay; she having promised not to ask for one day longer than the time first agreed to. However, her father complied with her request, and from that time to this she and he have never met.

'Mrs. Montague, wishing to be in town before the bad weather

set in, in the latter end of September, took leave of my father, promising that either she or I should write every week. Another year passed much in the usual way; it found, and it left, me happy: alas! madam, it was the last year of happiness I was ever to know.

'My benefactress had a brother. Ah! how unlike herself! but this brother has a son every way worthy of his aunt; between this son and her adopted daughter she was anxious to promote a union. Mr. Highworth, the elder, objected on account of my want of fortune: but the generous Mrs. Montague obviated that objection; declaring her intention of presenting me with five thousand pounds, as a marriage portion with her nephew. But if he withheld his consent, she would make her will, and name me for the heiress of all her property. On hearing this declaration, he told his sister he would give his final answer in the morning. Accordingly he was waiting in the breakfast parlour next morning; and when my benefactress entered, I begged leave to withdraw, which was granted.

'Mr. Highworth then said, that, notwithstanding all she was resolved to do for me, he thought his son might do better in point of fortune: but, as he found the young man's affections were engaged, and she had set her heart on it, that he would consent to make us all happy.

'Mrs. Montague came to me in her dressing-room, and informed me of the result of their conversation. She then went to the door, and introduced the impatient Henry; to whom, I will own to your ladyship, I was tenderly attached. Three happy months flew rapidly away,—and preparations were made for the wedding. My father's company was desired at my nuptials; and nothing but his presence was wanted in a house where mirth and festivity reigned in every apartment. Little did I think how soon it would be changed to the house of mourning. The wedding-day was named; the clothes brought home; and every preparation completed: when one evening, one fatal evening, Henry and I were sitting in a room under the one Mrs. Montague used for a dressing-room: he was describing the happiness he expected to enjoy, and laying out schemes of future felicity, when he was interrupted by a heavy weight falling over our heads. My heart misgave me—I flew up stairs, and opened the dressing-room door—Oh! madam, what a sight! my friend, my more than mother, lay on the floor, weltering in the tide of her precious life! I uttered no cry, I shed no tear, but, raising her in my arms, with almost supernatural strength, laid her on her bed. She gave no signs of life but by bleeding copiously at the nose, mouth, and ears. I rang the bell with violence. Henry, alarmed, ran up, followed by the servants, who wrung their hands, crying, what should they do. I was employed in bathing the pallid face of my benefactress with my tears, and incapable of giving directions. Henry dispatched a servant for her physician, and another for his father. They both arrived in less than half an hour. The first question this unnatural brother asked me was, whether

there was a will. It was a question I was not competent to answer. I turned with disgust from him to attend on Dr. L——, who, after examining his patient, declared she could not live the night, having broken a blood-vessel near the heart. He said he would remain by the bed-side, but did not expect her to open her eyes again in this world. On hearing my dreadful fears thus confirmed, I took my seat on the side of her bed; Henry placed himself by me; and Mr. Highworth and the doctor sat on the other side. I was like one stupified, and seemed to wait with a desperate calmness the accomplishment of the doctor's prediction.

'About four o'clock, I was sitting with Mrs. Montague's hand in mine, gazing anxiously on her altered countenance, when she opened her eyes. A beam of satisfaction shone on her dying features when she saw me so near her. She made an effort to speak, and, pointing to her escritoir, "they are yours," said she. I now for the first time I had thought of it discovered what her employment had been at the time she fell. She had been looking over some jewels which lay on the cabinet. This fresh instance of her regard, expressed even in death, had well nigh overcome me.

'She pressed my hand to her lips, and, motioning for her nephew's, joined them. "Delay not your happiness, my children, longer than decency requires. Show your respect to my memory, by complying with my request. Grieve not immoderately for me; my death, though sudden in its approach, finds me prepared. I go to receive my reward, and shall soon be superlatively happy!" Then turning to her brother, she said, in a faint voice, "Be kind to my Jessica; she deserves your kindness; she is now in your power. Be kind to my servants; and God Almighty bless you all." Talking had agitated her, and added violently to her dreadful disorder. A cough seized her, and she instantly expired. When I found she was really dead, all my fortitude forsook me. I was carried out of the room insensible; nor was it till my benefactress had been three days committed to the earth that I became sensible of my irreparable loss. When I opened my eyes, the first object they beheld was Henry sitting by my bed-side. I spoke to him: he was rejoiced to hear me speak with reason. I was about to speak again, when an exclamation from the other side of the bed caused me to turn my eyes: I saw my father!—saw him, bathed in tears, on his knees. Ah! madam, how different was this meeting to the one we had hoped for! But I will not affect you any farther by a description of my grief. It was inexpressible.

'A number of weeks elapsed before I was able to quit my chamber; and then the physician ordered change of scene, as absolutely necessary to a perfect restoration of health. Mr. Highworth thought I had better return with my father to his village; but Henry and the doctor were both of opinion, that the Bath waters and air would be more congenial to my then state of health. Accordingly he and my father attended me thither; and at the end of six weeks, finding myself much better, we set off for London; having received a letter from Mr. Highworth, desiring our at-

tendance as soon as we could make it convenient, as it was high time a will should be sought for: but that he did not choose to break the seals he had placed on the cabinets and drawers, till he could do it in my presence.'

But I must now close this letter as it is becoming too long, and I feel myself fatigued: to-morrow I will resume my pen, and finish this narrative. In the mean time

I remain,

Your's most affectionately,

CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

On ALMANACS *and the* ALMANAC *of* LIEGE.

THE original of the word *almanac* is much controverted among grammarians — Some derive it from the Arabic particle *al* and *manach* to count, whence is naturally enough derived *almanach* the diary. Others, and among them Scaliger, rather derive it from *al* and *manacos*, the course of the months: which is contradicted by Golius, who advances another opinion. He says that throughout the East it is the custom for subjects, at the beginning of the year, to make presents to their princes; and among the rest the strologers present them with their ephemerides for the year ensuing, whence these ephemerides came to be called *almanha*, that is, handsels or new-year's gifts. — Verstegan writes the name *almon-at*; and makes it of Saxon original. Our ancestors, he observes, used to carry the courses of the moon for the whole year, upon a square stick, or block of wood which they called *al monaght*, or, as we may say, *all moonheed.*

The use of almanacs or diaries containing a great variety of astrological and agricultural records, and of others sanctioned by a prevalent superstition, was very common among the Arabians; and it is natural to imagine that from them, by means of the Saracens, it was introduced into European nations. The present form and method of almanacs have been ascribed to Regiomontanus, who is said to have first published in 1474 an almanac, resembling that of the moderns, and containing the characters of each year and month, predictions of eclipses, and other celestial phases, calculations of the motions of the planets, &c.

Henry III. of France very prudently decreed, by an ordonnance of 1579, that 'no almanac-maker should presume to give predictions relative to civil affairs, either of states or private persons, in terms either express or covert.'

Yet in almost every country almanacs containing pretended predictions have been published. In our own we have had those of Lilly, Gadbury, Wing, and a variety of others; but above all the celebrated work of Francis Moore, Physician, which, though its original projector and author has been long since dead, is still continued under his name; and the extraordinary predictions contained in which are looked up to by thousands with implicit confidence and veneration; especially since that most wonderful prognostication relative to the Turkish emperor was so remarkably fulfilled by the deposition and death of Selim III.; which was noticed with astonishment in many of the foreign journals.

It is perhaps far from being

generally known that a counterpart to the lucubrations of the English astrologer exists on the continent in the *Almanac of Liege*, by Matthew Laensberg, which there enjoys an equal degree of celebrity; and it is by no means improbable that our countryman originally borrowed the idea from the German philosopher, whose publication is of a date considerably older.

Whether the name of Laensberg is a real or an assumed name, is a matter of great doubt. The latter supposition is favoured by a tradition preserved in the family of the first printers of the work, which ascribes it to a canon of St. Bartholomew at Liege, who lived about the end of the sixteenth century, or at the beginning of the seventeenth. This is farther corroborated by a picture of a canon of that church which still exists, and which is conjectured by many to represent the inventor of the celebrated almanac of Liege. An old man appears, seated in an arm chair, his left hand resting on a globe, and his right holding a telescope. At his feet are seen different mathematical instruments, several volumes and sheets of paper, with circles and triangles drawn upon them. His eyes are large and prominent; he has a dull, heavy look, and a nose in the form of a shell, and large ears, which are left uncovered by a greasy cap. His large mouth, half-open, announces surliness and pedantry; frightful wrinkles furrow his face, and his long bushy beard covers an enormous band. He is besides muffled up in an old cassoc, patched in several places. Under this hideous portrait was the inscription *D. T. V. Bartholomæi Canonicus et Philosophiæ Professor*.

Such is the account given by a person who examined this portrait; and who, though he was at the pains to search the registers of the chapter of Liege, was unable to find any name that all corresponded with the above designation. Hence it may be fairly concluded that the canon whose portrait has just been exhibited assumed the name of Matthew Laensberg, as well as the title of professor of philosophy, for the purpose of publishing his almanac, with the prognostications which have rendered it so celebrated.

The earliest of these almanacs that is known to exist is of the year 1636. It bears the name of Matthew Lansbert, mathematician, and not Laensberg, as it is now written. In the middle of the title is seen the portrait of an astronomer, nearly resembling that which is still placed there. After the printer's name are the words 'with permission of the superior powers.' This is repeated in the eleven first almanacs, but in that for 1647 we find, 'with the favour and privilege of his highness.' This privilege, granted by Ferdinand of Bavaria, prince of Liege, is actually inserted: it gives permission to Leonard Streete to print Matthew Laensberg's almanac, and forbids other printers to make copies of it, on pain of confiscation and other penalties.

The name of this prophet is spelled Lansbert in the first almanacs, but it has since been regularly written Laensberg. It is to this privilege of the prince, bishop of Liege, that Voltaire alludes in

these lines of his epistle to the king of Denmark.

Et quand vous écrirez sur l'Almanac de Liège
Ne parlez des saisons qu'avec un privilège.

The four first pages of that for 1636 are occupied by a piece, intitled, 'The Twelve Celestial Signs governing the Human Body.' Cancer, for instance, governs the breast, the belly, and the lungs, with all their diseases. This was at that time the fashionable system of astrology, which was succeeded by many others, equally ill-founded and equally popular. But a fact that could scarcely be believed, were it not stated in an advertisement prefixed, is, that the physicians manifested a jealousy lest the prophet of Liege should extend his dominion over the healing art. They obtained an order that every thing relating to the influence of the celestial signs on diseases should be suppressed, and this retrenchment took place for the first time in 1679. The principal part, however, is still preserved, and still ensures the success of this wonderful performance. It consists of the general predictions concerning the variation of the seasons, and the occurrences of the year. In each month are marked the days when there will be rain, and those that will be dry; whether there will be snow or hail, high winds, storms, &c. It is to this part which Sterne alludes in his Tristram Shandy, when he says, 'I have observed this 26th of March 1759, a rainy day, notwithstanding the almanac of Liege.'

The general predictions mention the occurrences that are to take place in every month. Accident has frequently been wonderfully favourable to the prophet, and he owes all his reputation and celebrity to the luck of having announced the gaining of a battle or the death of some distinguished person. The anecdote of madame Du Barry at that time, all powerful at the court of Louis XV., is not a little singular.

When the king was attacked with the malady which put an end to his life, that lady was obliged to leave Versailles. She then had occasion, says the author of her life, to recollect the almanac of Liege, which had given her great uneasiness, and of which she had suppressed all the copies she was able. Among the predictions for the month of April, in that almanac, was the following: — 'A lady in the highest favour will act her last part.' She frequently said: — 'I wish this odious month of April were over.' — According to the prediction, that favourite acted her last part, for the king died in the following month, in May 1774.

Account of the New Drama, called 'Venoni;' or, the 'Novice of St. Mark's,' performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Thursday, Dec. 1.

The characters were thus represented:

Benvolio (Viceroy of Sicily) - - - - - -	Mr. Siddons.
The Marquis of Caprana	Mr. Powell.
Father Celestino (Prior of St. Mark's) - -	Mr. Wroughton.

Venoni (a Novitiate)		Mr. Elliston.
Father Jeronymo	Friars.	Mr. Holland.
Father Michael	Friars.	Mr. De Camp.
Father Anastatio	Friars.	Mr. Cooke.
Father Nicolo	Friars.	Mr. Maddocks.
Benedetto (the Viceroy's Steward)		Mr. Penley.
Carlo	Servants to the Viceroy	Mr. Evans.
Pietro	Servants to the Viceroy	Mr. Fisher.
Giovanni	Servants to the Viceroy	Mr. Webb.
Fishermen		Mr. Smith; Masters Durouset and Hacket.
Hortensia (Marchioness of Caprana)		Mrs. Raymond.
Josepha		Mrs. H. Siddons.
Teresa		Mrs. Sparks.

Grandees of Messina, Monks, Maskers, Fishermen, Servants.

SCENE—Sicily.

PLOT.

Venoni is a young Italian of rank and wealth, betrothed to Josepha, a lady of suitable condition. Her charms have been viewed with a lascivious eye by the prior of St. Mark's; she has been placed by her parents in the convent of St. Ursula, in order that the example of the nuns may induce her to embrace a religious life; and this arrangement, if we rightly understood, has been effected by the advice of the prior, who, by his vile flatteries, not only influences the parents of Josepha, but works upon Venoni's mind, already shattered by the despair of ill-fated love. The crafty friar determines to possess himself of his victim's fortune, prevails upon him to become a novice in the monastery, and resolves to rid himself of a rival so troublesome and much injured by immuring him alive in a subterraneous cell. Josepha, inflexible in virtue, threatens to betray the prior's attempts upon her chastity, and the prior, by connivance with the ursuline abbess, incloses the maiden in a vault, divided only by a wall from the dungeon destined for Venoni.—A letter, containing a disclosure of the design against Venoni's life, falls into the hands of Michael, a friar, who shows it to the youth.—In the transport of agony, Venoni becomes so vehement, that Michael, after vainly imploring him to fly, is obliged to retreat, lest so impassioned an interview excite observation; and Venoni, left alone, dashes himself senseless on the ground. From this situation he is roused by the prior, whom he reproaches with his guilt and convicts by the letter. The prior, attended by some faithful villains, decides on an instant execution of his original design, in order thus at once to free himself from a rival, to possess himself of that rival's wealth, and to secure the concealment of his own plot. A scene rising in the third act, discovers Josepha and Venoni, in two cells, separated from each other by a wall so thick as to prevent them from guessing their relative situation. After some interesting action and soliloquy in each cell, Venoni, through the aid of a scroll, which is supposed to have been left by some former victim, discovers an iron bar, with which he breaks away some hollow stones, and creates an opening into Josepha's cell. In the mean time Michael has fled, and conveyed tidings of the plot to the viceroy and Josepha's parents; who, having hurried to the monastery, burst into the cells just as the lovers are deploring the desperation of their fate.

This drama is taken from a French piece, called *Les Victimes Cloitrées*, which was acted with great effect in Paris a few

years ago, but its fate in the English metropolis has not been so happy. For though the plot is simple, the incidents natural, and the situations interesting, yet, from certain mechanical causes, the conclusion of the third act was interrupted with many marks of disapprobation.

It is a material fault in this piece, that the prior defies all discovery of the secret cells, even in case of the viceroy's search; because at last the curtain drops, without any account of the mode by which the viceroy discovers those cells, or of the prior's fate. But there is little else to be blamed in the piece, which does not relate to the mere machinery and stage business. The divided cells form a beautiful scene; but as it was impossible that the interior of both should be seen at the same time, except by a removal of the wall on which both abut, as is the case when we behold at one view the interior compartments of a house on fire, that scene should not have been painted with a finished front, but with a front of broken stone. Every room that we see on the stage is beheld by this fiction; we perceive three sides, and we suppose the fourth removed: but here, by the display of the party wall between the two vaults, the illusion became more palpable; and when Venoni began to remove the bricks, the audience were displeased with the improbability. The entrance of the viceroy into Venoni's dungeon appeased the tumult: but it was redoubled when, for the sake of correspondence, Josepha's father and mother entered her cell too. Nevertheless the interest of the piece is certainly powerful. Wild scenery and pantomimic effects are not displeasing in themselves; but the public would be better pleased if these things were reserved for ballets. The whole of the second act, indeed, is most dramatically constructed, and the dialogue rises to a tragic dignity. It is in the third act that the carpenter encroaches too much upon the author.

Mr. Elliston's acting in Venoni was judicious and often affecting; and his fine voice has seldom been heard to greater advantage. Mrs. H. Siddons, in the short character of Josepha, was very pathetic. We were particularly charmed with her manner of delivering an address to her lamp, which the author had not less admirably and touchingly conceived. Mr. Wroughton was not particularly impressive in the prior. He employed too much of the quick short action of comedy. Mr. H. Siddons, as the viceroy, and Mr. De Camp, as Michael, were much and deservedly applauded. Mr. Holland did well the little that he had to do; and Mr. Penley was more chaste and diverting than usual.

This play has been attributed to Mr. M. G. Lewis; but that gentleman, we understand, denies all concern with it. Whoever be the author, his treatment from the audience has not been fair; but the displeasure expressed by a part of the audience appears, on the whole, to be imputable, not to the want of merit in the drama itself, but to the mistake of acting a ballet in the shape of a play. The piece bids fair, however, to become a favourite with the public.

The Cadi and the Man who had received a Blow.

An Oriental Apologue.

A CERTAIN half witted man one evening left his house in a melancholy mood, when a mischievous young fellow, who observed him muttering to himself, thinking him a proper subject for diversion, silently stole behind him, and gave him such a terrible blow on the neck, that he almost suspected his head was knocked off. The man suddenly turning about, observed the youth standing near him in a violent fit of laughter. He immediately seized him. 'You, sir,' said he, 'what business had you to strike me; why do you dare to insult me without any provocation?' At this, calling out 'justice! justice!' he dragged the youth, who without any intermission had continued in one fit of laughter, before a judge. In this situation they arrived at the place of justice, where the cadi was sitting, who, seeing the young man laugh so violently, asked the reason why he had been brought before him. 'My lord,' replied the melancholy man, 'I never saw this fellow before in my life; I neither spoke to him nor provoked him by any means; notwithstanding which, he came behind me, and struck me a very violent blow on the neck; I am now come before your lordship to demand the law against him.'

'Why, my young friend,' said the cadi, 'did you strike this man?' 'For the life and soul of me,' replied the youth, 'I could not help it;' at the same time showing two sequins to the judge. The venerable cadi immediately made a parade of turning over the leaves of two or three immense folios which lay by his side. 'Why, my lord,' said the complainant, 'surely you can have no occasion for such copious references to know the fine which our law imposes on the man who strikes another without provocation?'—'Oh,' said the cadi, 'if you are competent to decide your own case, what necessity for the interference of a judge!'—'My lord,' said the man, 'I beseech you be not offended; if there be occasion, by all means consult your books.' The cadi, after having rummaged his folios for some time, knitting his brows with the appearance of unusual sagacity; 'Young man,' said he, 'it is necessary that you pay this injured accuser twenty small coins.'—'Alas!' replied the youth, 'I have no small money;'—'Then, sir, you must get change,' returned the cadi. The young man, making a bow, walked out of the room, but without any intention of returning. The cadi and the melancholy man remained together; when tired with the business of the day, after waiting for some time, the cadi dropped asleep. The patience of the complainant also being nearly exhausted, observing the situation of the cadi, he walked up to him, and gave him a blow on the cheek ten times harder than that which he had received. Starting from his slumber, and rubbing his face, 'Rascal!' said he, 'do you dare to strike me?' 'Alas!' said the man, 'I have very particular business, which requires my immediate presence; and as you have decreed the price of the blow, be so good as to remain till the young man returns, and instead of giving the fine to me, pray keep it yourself.'

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESS.

1. A MORNING round dress of plain muslin or cambric; a pellice or Spanish cloak of bishop's purple, made either in rich velvet or kerseymere, and Spanish hat to correspond: a fancy scarff tied round the throat, or thrown over the shoulders.—York tan gloves and purple kid shoes.

2. A train dress of white sattin, richly bordered in chenille. Over the dress a short vest of fine jonquil kerseymere, made rather high in the back, and fastened with pearl clasps on the shoulders. A cap of the same materials, intermixed with rich lace: kerseymere shoes to correspond, and white kid gloves.

THE FRENCH FAMILY.

A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZA YEAMES.

ABOUT the time of the beginning of the French revolution, there resided near the capitol a celebrated noble of France, whose warm patriotism and attachment to the person of Louis XVI. threatened to draw upon his head the vengeance of the rebels, then hourly augmenting to the alarm of the royalists. The count de la Tour was of manners ill calculated to soften matters with a growing enemy—to lull suspicion, or hide the natural impulse of his passions. He was haughty, vindictive, and unbending; and, except in the present virtuous cause, had been seldom known to act with justice or liberality. Yet this man, so generally disliked, so properly contemned, as a being unworthy the exaltation of his rank, or the smiles of his amiable monarch, had offspring that a king might have been even proud of calling his own.—Five lovely daughters, two of whom managed and commanded his household; and, had they not caught a spark of his extreme haughtiness, had been terrestrial angels. The three younger boarded at a convent: Eloise was about eighteen, light, graceful, and of the middle height; her eyes exhibited the beauteous blue of bright Italia's skies; her hair was of the softest, lightest brown; her complexion so clear and agreeably contrasted, as to charm the wondering eye; and she was possessed of a voice—Oh! all ye poets of old! ye immortal bards! I fail at description, and would borrow your talents to describe her soft melting notes, more tender than the shepherd's strains of love; more musical than Apollo's lute.

Lilodine, a year younger, when put in competition with her sister, was merely pretty; but her temper was so very engaging, and her manners so truly bewitching, that she wanted not beauty in the eyes of her beholders.

Adela was too young for her figure to have attained its just proportion; but there was a symmetry in every turn of her fine formed limbs peculiarly charming. Her countenance was all animation; the beautiful colour every instant varied in her cheeks; her dark blue eyes expressed every emotion of her superior mind; and when she smil'd, and when she spoke, she enslaved, she fasci-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Walking & Full Dress.

nated, and bore the palm of beauty as a rose in the bud.

At the time this history commences, Almondina, the count's eldest daughter, married; and Lilodine cherished the hope of being removed from the convent. 'We shall quit this prison, my dear Eloise,' she one day said. 'Does not your heart pant for liberty? I am sure mine does; and I shall rejoice to hear of Louisa's marriage.'

'Indeed, Lilodine,' replied she, 'it does not; I could never be happier at my father's castle than secluded here. This place, so hateful to you, to me is paradise; it has charms I cannot express: nor can you wonder, when you reflect on the tender and sincere friendship several of the young ladies evince for me, and the various elegant amusements forming among us, under the judicious eye of the amiable and lovely abbess, who kindly blesses us with a mother's care, and diffuses happiness on all around.'

Lilodine looked vexed; but Adela, who thought it partly right, only smiled. — 'I know,' said she, 'Eloise loves to teize me.'

'I would not willingly do that,' returned she.

A few months quickly passed with the young ladies, although two of them were impatient to leave the convent of St. Catherine; and the time for Louisa's wedding arrived.

The festival was honoured by her sister's company; and, when she left the castle, the count pronounced the convent no longer their home, but Eloise, Lilodine, and Adela, the mistresses of his house. — Alas! how unforeseen are some events! A twelvemonth after their removal from the convent, the count one morning introduced the subject of a mother-in-law. — 'My children,' said he, 'I perceive you want an adviser and support in public better than I, who am so frequently absent, can prove you. Such a person I have found, and I hope she will be acceptable to you as a mother. Adela is yet very young, and cannot object; Lilodine is too amiable to despise her father's will; and Eloise I shall quickly unite to her cousin count Cassel. "What says she to the match?" Eloise flung herself on his neck, bedewing him with tears. Lilodine and Adela each grasped his hand, and on their knees pronounced their obedience to his wish; when this delightful music in their father's ears was interrupted by a voice so mournfully sad, as interrupted all who heard it, and — 'Indeed I cannot wed him,' slowly fell from Eloise's lips.

'What do I hear!' exclaimed the count, in a voice of thunder. 'Ungrateful girl! is it thus you treat me for my consideration? Know that the count demands no portion; and on the match depends your sisters' fates. The fortune he rejects will now be theirs; and, allowing them a suitable attraction in the eyes of men of rank, I aver them from what I understand is their aversion — the gloom of a nunnery.'

'Alas!' cried Eloise, 'is it thus! Dear, dear girls, what would I not do for your peace! — but this, this .....'

'Never mind me, sister,' whispered Lilodine, while supporting her half-fainting form. 'For Heaven's sake! for the Virgin's sake! consider only your own happiness.'

'Eloise, why not wed Cassel?'

cried de la Tour, seizing her hands, and grasping them tight, while he examined, with the minutest attention, her pale, affrighted countenance. 'Confess the cause of your refusal; own that some other has won your affections, and basely stole away your duty from me. Say, who is the vile wretch!—his name—his name—'

'Oh! speak out,' exclaimed Adela.

'Ah! who should I have seen to love, in my little association with mankind?' said Eloise. 'Dearest father! I cannot name a person I never saw; but suffer me to say, I wish for nothing but thy blessing and a convent's peace.'

'If you do not love, why refuse Cassel?'

'I must not wed without loving!'

'Paltry evasions—mean insinuations. Eloise, you shall not thus trifle. I....'

'Mercy, Heaven!' cried Eloise, striving to disengage herself, but in vain; the count had grasped tighter her trembling wrist; and, giving a faint shriek, she instantly fainted.

The count left her to the care of Lilodine and Adela, and retired with a countenance black with revenge. When she recovered, de la Tour again made his appearance, and, taking her arm, he hurried her away. Lilodine following, beheld her beloved sister made a prisoner in her chamber; nor did her prayers, or the fast falling tears of Adela, as she hung about his knees, prove of any avail; he peremptorily declared she should remain a prisoner till she consented to accept her lover, Cassel. Some days had passed over Eloise's confinement, yet her father did not relent. The lovely maid spent her time chiefly in tears, and a thousand times regretted the convent of St. Catherine, and all her dear friends therein; while she equally shrunk from the crime of disobeying her father, as of taking a vow to love one she could not possibly esteem as a husband.

It was toward the decline of the fifth day, when, finding herself extremely dull and lonesome, she took up a book to beguile the time. The door opened in a slow, cautious manner, and an elegant woman entered. Eloise threw aside the book, and, rising, met her half way. The lady took her hand, and led her back to her seat, drawing herself a chair by her side, and fixing her eyes on the dejected face of the prisoner, thus addressed her.

'Young lady; I do not wonder at your visible surprise.—Behold in me the wife of the count de la Tour.—You start—Alas! do not hate me for it.—Compulsion made me his.—A rigid father forced me to the altar, and separated me from a much-esteemed youth.'

Here she shed tears, and Eloise, much affected, seized her fair hand, and tenderly kissed it.

'As soon as I came here,' continued the countess, 'I learned your ignoble confinement, and determined to release you at all events.—Your sisters are not in the secret, but they shall not long remain in the dark; I will liberate you, and get you conveyed to St. Catharine's.—

'Alas! madam,' replied Eloise, 'that must not be: you must not draw my father's anger on you.

Here will I for ever remain, rather than act so ungenerous toward you.'

The countess de la Tour clasped her to her bosom.—'Noble girl!' she cried, 'I have partly deceived you; the count has sent me to release you, and I chose to bring the tidings myself; though the terms I bring you....

'Ah! what are they? If....'

'Your consent to take the veil, or immediate marriage with your cousin.'

'Angelic woman!' cried Eloise, 'I will directly take the vows rather than become an unhappy wife. Ah! yes; it is my choice; my heart partakes not of the world's amusements.'

'Indeed I admire your determination. Oh that I had been given the choice! but, alas! it was otherwise ordained, and I must be resigned.'

The countess here rose, and, drawing Eloisa's arm through hers, led her out. They were met at the door by her watchful sisters, who folded their dear girl to their hearts, and shed tears over her.

'But what is your resolve?' asked Adela.

'A convent, by my father's consent,' whispered Eloise.

'Oh! change your mind, dear sister,' said Adela.

'Ah! no,' answered Eloise; 'I never can do that.'

The countess undertook to go to de la Tour, and acquaint him with the result; and while she was absent, the young ladies spent the time in tears. The countess came back with a very sorrowful countenance. 'Alas! my dear Eloise,' she cried, 'you must instantly depart.'

'What! without seeing my father?'

'He refuses to bid you farewell.'

'Be it so,' said Eloise, in a low and tremulous voice: he tries my feelings to the utmost, but any thing rather than wed Cassel.'

She then threw herself on the neck of her mother-in-law, and, while pressing her to her bosom, whispered her to love her sisters doubly after her departure.

A little time after Eloise's removal to St. Catharine, the count Cassel paid a visit to his uncle the count de la Tour, accompanied by his tutor, chevalier Traval. Cassel was a young Parisian, possessed of few charms of person, and of very simple manners; indeed he seemed merely a plaything in the hands of the sensible, elegant Traval, who studied him and moulded him at his pleasure. All was hilarity during their stay: the count de la Tour was affability and courtesy personified; his tables were spread with the richest viands; he had the best wine that could be procured; indeed, to appearance, he was the most hospitable man in the world; and, in return, his guest failed not to praise and to admire.

I must now relate a circumstance which may be rather surprising to my readers—it is no less than that the modest Lilodine felt herself secretly pleased with Traval, and he pretended to be, or really felt, enamoured of her in return. Whether de la Tour discerned it I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that he did not appear to admire Traval, and the young man did not think it prudent to inform him of it. At the feet of his mistress would he

pour out his love, the most delightful music in her ear. 'By yon chaste moon,' he would cry, 'whose light lends me its kind aid to view the face I love! By yonder resembling stars, the bright fire of your charming eyes, I swear that I adore you beyond mortal adoration! — Witness, ye Heavens! the vows I make. — Oh! inspire a kindling emotion in my fair one's bosom in return; for, till she avows an equal force of passion, I will not declare myself to her father.'

In trembling accents Lilodine would say — 'Can you doubt my love, after the acknowledgements I have frequently made you? Can any thing the more prove it than my thus clandestinely meeting you? Nor am I pleased you should forbid my relative duties to Cassel.'

Traval would sometimes again urge his fears of her cousin, and, perhaps, after a second rebuke, promise to try and believe her. At length came the time for Eloise's final adieu to the world; and her friends assembled at the convent. Never did piety appear more enchanting than when thus joined to beauty, so justly descriptive of celestial beings. Tears burst from every eye at her appearance, she looked so touchingly lovely; and an universal awe filled the breast of her relatives, (strangers were not admitted, the ceremony being kept private, owing to the disturbance of the times), as with uplifted eyes and clasped hands she stood before them.

The scene was nearly about to close, when every one felt alarm at the sound of a dreadful shriek; and all directing their eyes to that quarter, beheld Adela senseless in the arms of a young chevalier, who was trying every mean to restore her, while the countess and Lilodine sent forth a thousand bitter cries. All who beheld the deadly paleness of her cheek, believed her dead; nor did she for some minutes appear otherwise. It is certain, that when she opened her expressive eyes, each sorrowful face became joyful, and her kind supporter, with joyful ardour, and excessive transport, welcomed her as one risen from the dead. — 'Ah! madam,' said lady Adela, leaning herself forward, and speaking to the countess de la Tour, 'is my sister made the victim of her father's tyranny? Is the veil already put upon her, for ever to hide her beautiful features?'

'With her own lips she has made herself a nun. See! yonder she is. — She approaches. — Look up, Adela.'

It was indeed Eloise, who, supported between two nuns, came towards her trembling sister; it is she drew near. Adela rushed from the support of the countess, and flew towards her. Eloise took her in her arms, and Adela felt herself clasped to her heart. 'Is it done?' she cried. — 'Indeed it is,' whispered Eloise. — 'Then I am miserable,' said her sister.

[*To be concluded in the Supplement.*]

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

A DREADFUL fate, Oh! Chatterton, was thine,
The awful closing of a life severe;
Poor luckless youth, doom'd by thy stars malign!
The child of genius and misfortune's heir.

Doom'd in the morning of thy summer's day
A prey to foul detraction's venom'd tongue;
Spurn'd by the worldly, by th' insensate gay,
Tho' by the Muse herself thy harp was strung.

High was thy strain, and sweet thy plaintive song,
A strain, a song, descriptive of thy mind:
Thine was a soul above the vulgar throng,
And thine the high-plum'd hope, the thought refined.

But hope's gay flow'rets e'er they could expand
Their infant blossoms to the summer gale;
Nip'd in the bud by apathy's chill hand,
Sank like the mem'ry of th' unfinished tale.

But ah! rash youth, what thought prophane inspired
Thy soul, when to dark desperation driven;
With impious hand, and mind with frenzy fired,
Thou dared'st impeach the clemency of Heaven.

Yet may that Heaven thy much-misjudging mind
Has wrong'd, its rigorous doom in pity spare;
O may'st thou at its dread tribunal find,
That Heaven, in mercy, judgeth not severe.

MARY OF COLESHILL.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW TRADITIONARY PLAY,
INTITLED,

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq. Spoken by Mr. Putnam. As performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terrour forcibly impress'd,
Our bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic for the serious Muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark, extended to a blaze;

While moral ardour kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of pity on the cheek of love!

Our Bard no longer treads on Fairy-land,
Where Fancy, like a despot, holds command!
No longer now endeavours to excite
Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;
Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animated haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste,
He simply offers, unadorned by art,
One touch of Nature, on a gen'rous heart *.
Though pageantry, though magic he forsake,
Though 'Sleeping Beauties' here no longer wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That love, when noble, never slumbers here.

Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy, You that spare.

AIR,

Sung by Mrs. Bland, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane,

IN THE TRADITIONARY PLAY OF

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.

BEWARE the fond delusion
Which simple hearts revere,
Nor heed the bold intrusion
Of passion insincere;
For hearts may seem expiring
With sighs of deep despair;
For eyes may gaze admiring,
And yet no love be there.

But when the mind resigning
Distinction's flatt'ring state,
Prefers, without repining,
Humility of fate;
When Wealth's unbounded treasure
Creates no transient care;
When poverty is pleasure,
Be certain love is there.

SONGS

IN THE NEW MELODRAMATIC OPERA OF

THE EXILE.

SONG. *Count Calmar.*—Mr. Incledon.

IN days of yore! on Pavia's plain,
When haughty France encounter'd Spain,
Fortune awhile in equal balance held
The rage, the woes, the slaughter of the field.
But brave Castilians fir'd,
By patriot zeal inspir'd,
Like knights of old, impetuous, wild, and free,
Rush'd on, and cried,—'For Spain and Chivalry.'

In open battle, not betray'd,
Proud Gallia's King was pris'ner made;
But Spain soon feeling for a foe o'er-thrown,
Restor'd the captive monarch to his crown.
For brave Castilians fir'd,
By courtesy inspir'd,
Like knights of old, will die, ere tarnish'd see
The sacred names of 'Spain and Chivalry.'

SONG. *Catharine.*—Mrs. Dickons.

HOW wretched is the captive's lot,
Ceaseless, he freedom's loss deplores,
Nor, in his plaintive moan forgot
Is she, his constant soul adores.
Oh! what can cheer his fainting heart,
What to such anguish give relief?
Sweet hope alone, which can impart
A lenient balm to ev'ry grief.

---

* This is an allusion to the character of Miesco.

Such, O my Calmar, is my state,
Condemn'd in solitude to pine,
Or plight my hand to one I hate,
While my fond heart is only thine.

Yet, through this gloom of sable night,
I see hope glimmer from afar,
And, gilt by Love's triumphant light,
To bliss 'twill prove my guiding star.

WINTER.

AN ODE.

ONCE more terrific Winter's call,
Resounding thro' the aërial hall,
Collects his stormy band;
And drenching rain, and driving hail,
Of all that charm'd on hill, or dale,
Despoil the drooping land.

The churlish Sun his glory shrouds
Beneath a masque of frowning clouds,
As if he grudg'd a look:
Amid the wood the Dryad groans,
The Naiad utters piteous moans
Beside the brawling brook.

The tow'ring mountain's heathy top,
Now powder'd like an airy top,
Attracts the distant view;
And now around its misty cone,
The storm a floating veil has thrown,
Of dark and sullen hue.

Again, ye friendless and ye poor!
Prepare fresh hardships to endure,
Beneath the Tyrant's sway—
Shut not your hearts, ye rich and great!
Against the Wand'rer at your gate,
But help him on his way.

Like * her, who, in yon classic bow'r,
To Charity devotes the hour,
When wint'ry hardships press,
Let your benevolence extend,
And pity prompt you to befriend
The Offspring of Distress.

DISCIPULUS.

Tramore.

---

* The Hon. Mrs. M——de.

TO-MORROW.

HOW sweet to the heart is the thought of To-morrow,
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display!
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope (oh! how soon it would lessen my anguish)
That To-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope that To-morrow my wanderings will cease;
That at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete!
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppressed,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest!

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight:

But the infidel then!—he sees no To-morrow!
Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away:

Poor wretch! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

MARY.

October, 1807.

A WINTER SONG.

ONE night when as usual we foresters met,
And with honest October were just getting wet,
There came an old goblin so grim and so grey,
That alarm'd at the sight we were hastening away.

All shivering and chattering with cold he appear'd,
Whilst the icicles rattled that hung on his beard;
There was no need the name of our guest to inquire,
We all cried—' 'Tis winter, so stir up the fire.'

Then thus spoke the sprite, and his breath blew so chill
That our ale seem'd to freeze, ere a glass we could fill:
" I am he, O ye mortals, whose coming ye dread,
Break up your carousals and hasten to bed.

" Do but hear the storms howl, that attend in my train,
How sharp drives the hail, and how wild beats the rain;
And see how the snow falls, and hearken that sigh
Which the cold biting wind breathes along the north sky.

" O'er nature in triumph I now hold my court,
Such times as these surely were not made for sport;
Then be sad as the season while with you I stay,
And let no joy be seen from November to May."

' Not so antient monarch,' we all cried at once,
' You shall join in our glee, or we'll break your old sconce,
Mend the fire, fill our pitchers, let laughter go round,
With a flaggon of stingo our guest shall be crown'd.

' The louder his storms blow—the louder our mirth;
He shall hear all our jokes, while we sit round the hearth;
Thus we'll welcome dark Winter as long as he stays,
Till his old frosty face shall look bright at the blaze.'

By degrees he grew merry, but still he kept sober,
Until we had quaff'd our twelfth jug of October,
Then reeling he roars out—' My hearties well done!
Be my season henceforward the season for Fun.'

STANZAS.

EMMA! the world shall woo in vain,
To 'tice me from thy arms;
I would not give that bosom pain,
For all the world's unhallow'd gain,
Or wild ambition's charms.

No charms but thine can please this eye,
However fair they seem;
Thy presence bids the moments fly,
But when, alas! thou art not nigh,
Oh! life's a dull cold dream!

Thine eye could brighten sorrow's gloom,
So soft its ray of light;
Thy cheek has all the rose's bloom,
The breath has all its sweet perfume,
Thy beauties all are bright!

J. M. L.

December 2, 1808.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Rio Janeiro, Aug. 26.

THE court of St. Sebastians has issued a protest in the name of the infant and infanta of Spain, who emigrated with the house of Braganza, against the transactions at Bayonne. This protest declares the right of the infanta don Louis, and the infanta, his consort, the daughter of the prince regent, to be by no means surrendered or compromised, by the pretended cession of Carlos and Ferdinand. It also asserts a right for this prince, being the nearest relation to Ferdinand not in the power of the enemy, to the regency of Spain. — Sir Sydney Smith, it is said, was particularly consulted about the framing and issuing of this instrument. There is a rumour that some coolness prevails at court towards lord Strangford, in consequence of some offence taken at certain parts of the diplomatic correspondence relative to the evacuation of Lisbon, as published in the English newspaper.

On the 25th, sir Sydney was honoured with the company of the whole Royal Family of Braganza, to the number of ten persons, to supper, at his residence, without the city of St. Sebastian. Sir Sydney's health has been rather delicate, and he has taken up his abode for the benefit of the air.

It is situated on an eminence, close to the signal post, whence a constant and immediate intercourse may be kept up by telegraphic communications with the ships. The royal guests were highly pleased with their entertainments, and left sir Sydney with expressions of their perfect satisfaction.

Mr. Smith (sir Sydney's nephew) is not yet returned from his mission to general Liniers, at Buenos Ayres. The advice-boat, dispatched from Cadiz by the junta of Seville, to inform general Liniers of the new order of things, would arrive at Buenos Ayres during the stay of Mr. Smith at that place, and of course facilitate an amicable arrangement. It is understood that there is a strong French party in the council at Buenos Ayres. But sir Sydney depends much upon the interest and connections he has long since formed, and always kept up, in adjoining settlements and dependencies. It is expected that Mr. Smith will be the bearer of some propositions from general Liniers.

Stockholm, Nov. 5. His royal majesty arrived yesterday, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, from Oland, at the royal country seat at New Haga.

Nov. 10. According to the last accounts received from the enemy's army, in the last action between the Swedish and Danish gun-boats, lieutenant Kuniff, and another officer whose name we have not been able to learn, and 70 men, were killed.

According to a report, received from general Kluker, commander in chief of the Finnish army, notice was given on the 19th of last month, by the commanding general of the Russian army, that the armistice would be at an end on the 27th of the said month, and that hostilities would be recommenced that day at one o'clock in the afternoon. The following is the notice which colonel Sandels, chief of brigade, received on this subject from the Russian general Tutschoff: —

'Brigadier-General,

'In pursuance of the order received from the commanding general, count Buxhowden, I hereby inform you that the ar-

mistice, concluded between the Russians and northern Swedish army is to be at an end on the 27th instant, and that hostilities will be recommenced that day, at one in the afternoon.

'I have the honour to be,
'With great respect, &c.
'TUTSCHOFF, Lieut.-Gen.
'Head-quarters, Sawojauoi,
'the 7—19th Oct. 1808.'

Madrid, Nov. 10. The unfortunate district of Vittoria experiences every day new vexations and cruelties from the French. It has at last been ordered that all strangers coming into the town of Vittoria, whether for the purpose of residence, or for passing through it, shall first obtain a card of security, under pain of being treated as spies; and all persons belonging to the inns or houses in which strangers, unprovided with cards of security, lodge, are liable to be punished as the accomplices of spies. Woe to him who, by accident, negligence, or ignorance, happens to be without this card when met by an officer of the banditti, who should take a fancy to ask for it in the street or any where else. Such an unexpected demand is frequently made, and if the card be not produced, the sanguinary decree is immediately carried into execution.

The last gazette contains the decision of the junta respecting the imprisonment of senor Valdes, the viscount Quintanilla, and don Vincente Eulate, by order of general Cuesta. The junta have declared null, and of no effect, the proceedings of general Cuesta in this case. The two first, who were deputed by the kingdom of Leon, have been admitted to their seats in the junta.

Nov. 12. The supplement to the gazette of yesterday, published this day, contains the following article from New Spain, dated Mexico, July 30:—

'Yesterday the glorious news of the accession of Ferdinand VII. was announced in this capital by a grand discharge of artillery, and the ringing of bells, which diffused the greatest rejoicing among the inhabitants, who flocked in crowds before the royal palace, and filled the air with acclamations for their beloved Ferdinand VII., king of Spain and of the Indies. His excellency the viceroy, accompanied by a number of civil and military officers, and other distinguished persons, advanced to the balcony, to witness and receive the *vivas* of the loyal population of Mexico, Europeans as well as Creoles, at whose request the salute of artillery and the ringing of bells was again repeated, by order of the viceroy; and attachment and zeal were visible in the aspect of the immense assemblage, who breathed nothing but patriotism and fidelity to their sovereign. Their acclamations ascended to Heaven, mixed with the most affecting aspirations for the success and prosperity of the Spanish arms.

'In the midst of this enthusiasm, a portion of the people brought forth a portrait of our beloved Ferdinand, and carried it to the royal palace. Don Josef Arias Villafane, principal oidor, and don Juan de Fagoaga, chief alcalde of the city, then descended to the foot of the principal staircase, in order to receive the portrait, and carried it to his excellency the viceroy, who received it with every expression of joyful fidelity. Immediately the principal balcony of the palace was ornamented, and the portrait was placed there, while the viceroy and other personages about him, manifested their joy by throwing a considerable quantity of pesos among the populace. The portrait having remained some time in the balcony, the people requested that they might be permitted to carry it in triumph through the streets of the city. Accordingly it was brought down to the people by senor Villafane and other lords, and placed under a canopy: it was first carried to the palace of the archbishop, who though ill in his chamber, yet received the people, who presented to him the portrait of their sovereign; notwithstanding his ill health, promised to celebrate Te Deum on the joyful occasion. The people then continued their course by the different streets, churches, and convents, in the midst of the most lively acclamations. Long live Ferdinand! Perish the emperor of the French! these were their expressions of patriotism, and of Mexican loyalty. Te Deum was sung in all the churches, and in the cathedral, which was completely filled by the concourse of nobility, and other classes of the people. The archbishop celebrated the holy sacrifice, and exhorted the audience to maintain that loyalty which they then displayed. The houses of the city were adorned with tapestry, and in many quarters portraits of our sovereign were

fixed up, while effigies of Napoleon were committed to the flames.

At twelve in the forenoon more than 6000 persons, drawn up in military array, and consisting of Europeans and Americans, presented themselves before the palace, where they were received by the viceroy from the balcony, and where they repeated their acclamations. A body of equal numbers drew up on the promenade planted with elms, putting green boughs in their hats, and manifesting other demonstrations of joy.

At night the illumination was universal, and will be continued for two successive nights. There is not an individual in this immense population who does not wish himself united to the Spanish armies, to confound with fire and sword the cruel and sanguinary perfidy of the enemy of peace.

Vittoria, Nov. 12. The French head-quarters are at Burgos, where their majesties, the emperor and his illustrious brother, also are. In the environs of that city a great and glorious action has been fought, in which we have taken 10,000 prisoners, among whom are between 6 and 7000 English. Blake and Romana are inclosed in the mountains of Asturias, and can only escape by sea, if the English choose to carry them off. Two divisions have marched from Burgos, the one to St. Andero, and the other to Valladolid; they must have arrived there.

When Bilboa was taken possession of, there were found in the port three English ships which could not escape. Their lading consists, among other things, of rum, which has been given out for the use of the army. His majesty enjoys the best state of health.

Salamanca, Nov. 19. On the 14th instant, the English army under the command of sir John Moore entered this city. It is impossible to praise sufficiently the good order, strict discipline, and excellent behaviour of these troops.

Corunna, Nov. 27. We know, officially, that we have in Leon an army of 20,000 men, with its general, the marquis de la Romana, and almost all the artillery.

Dec. 1. By letters received from Saragossa, of the date of the 28th ultimo, we learn, that the army of Arragon was at Caparossa and its vicinity, and senor Castanos some leagues from Tudela with his: the Arragonese were every day joining the army full of enthusiasm and valour.

Paris, Dec. 13.

'Saint Martin, near Madrid,
'2d Dec.

'On the 29th ultimo the head-quarters of the emperor was removed to the village of Bonquillas. On the 30th, at break of day, the duke of Bellune presented himself at the foot of the Some Sierra. A division of 13,000 men of the Spanish army of reserve defended the passage of the mountains. The enemy thought themselves unattackable in that position. They had entrenched in the narrow passage called Puerto, with 16 pieces of cannon.—The 9th light infantry marched upon the right, the 96th upon the causeway, and the 24th followed by the side of the heights on the left. General Senarmont, with six pieces of artillery, advanced by the causeway; the action commenced by the firing of the musquetry and cannon. A charge made by general Montbrun, at the head of the Polish light horse, decided the affair; it was a most brilliant one, and this regiment has covered itself with glory, and proved it was worthy to form part of the imperial guard. Canons, flags, muskets, soldiers, all were taken or cut to pieces. Eight Polish light horse were killed upon the cannon, and 16 have been wounded; among the latter is captain Dzievanoski, who was dangerously wounded, and lies almost without hopes of recovery. Major Segur, marshal of the emperor's household, charged among the Polish troops, and received many wounds, one of which is very severe. Sixteen pieces of cannon, ten flags, thirty covered chests, 200 waggons laden with all kinds of baggage, and the military chests of the regiments, are fruits of this brilliant affair. Among the prisoners, which are very numerous, are all the colonels or lieutenant-colonels of the corps of the Spanish division. All the soldiers would have taken if they had not thrown away their arms and dispersed in the mountains.

On the 1st of December the head-quarters of the emperor were at Saint Augustin, and on the 2d the duke of Istria, with the cavalry, commanded the heights of Madrid. The infantry could not arrive before the 3d. The intelligence which we have hitherto received led us to think that this town is suffering under all kinds of disorders, and that the doors are barricaded. The weather is very fine.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Nov. 26.

ON Wednesday evening, at the early hour of five o'clock, Mr. Ennis of Downpatrick, was stopped at Santry, by two armed foot-pads; one of the ruffians was furnished with a dragoon's sword, and the other with a pistol.—On being asked for his money, Mr. Ennis denied he had any. 'We shall see,' said one of the villains, pointing his sword as in the act of stabbing Mr. Ennis; while the other fellow seized his horse. That gentleman was obliged to dismount. On his dismounting, however, he rushed upon the ruffian with the pistol, and knocked him down, and would have succeeded in wresting the deadly weapon from his gripe, had not the other miscreant wounded him in the arm with the sword—he turned round, and in parrying another thrust, the weapon passed through his hand, and cut him desperately. While thus employed, the robber with the pistol arose, and with the stock gave him a desperate blow on the temple. Mr. Ennis fell, and while he was down, the ruffian with the sword made a plunge at him, which would have passed through his body, had he not happened most providentially to have a pocket-book in his side pocket, which saved his life. They then proceeded to rifle his person, and cut off both his breeches pockets: we are sorry to say they contained notes to a very considerable amount.

London, Nov. 26. Orders were on Wednesday last, received for the 3d and 4th dragoons stationed in Canterbury, to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation for Spain. Eight troops from each of these regiments are made subject to this order, and they are to form the first heavy cavalry brigade under the command of major-general Payne. The 3d regiment it is expected will commence its march to Portsmouth in the course of the ensuing week.

28. The following singular occurrence took place on Friday night, on board a coasting vessel in Barking Creek:—The master, Mr. Streaton, was asleep with his wife in the cabin, when he dreamed that his wife had fallen overboard, and was on the point of drowning; he hurried on deck, and plunged into the river, as he fancied, to rescue her. The shock of the cold water awoke him, and, being a good swimmer, he sustained himself until his cries alarmed the people on board, and he was hoisted in. His wife continued asleep on his return, and their meeting can be better conceived than described.

29. On Sunday evening as three young men, musical instrument makers, were returning from Battersea, one of them for a trifling wager undertook to jump into the water near Battersea bridge, and having done so, he was not seen again, nor has the body been found. The name of the deceased was Alnwick, a young man twenty-two year of age.

Dover, Dec. 5. This morning about seven o'clock, the weather being very thick, a vessel was discerned off here with a French flag—she proved to be a flag of truce from Boulogne, having on board a Russian and French messenger. As soon as there was water in, the vessel came into the harbour, but the messen-

gers have not yet been permitted to land—it is the same vessel that carried the late messengers into the Downs.

An express was sent to Deal, at eight o'clock, to know whether the messengers were to land; but as yet we have received no answer. I conjecture that, owing to the thickness of the atmosphere, the telegraph could not work.—The return of a messenger from London must, therefore, be waited for—he set off at nine o'clock.

When Mr. Shaw the messenger was sent with the last dispatches to Paris, Bonaparte had set off for Bayonne; and as the former did not stay more than a day at Paris, it was impossible that Bonaparte could have been consulted previously to the messenger's departure. The French messenger has probably brought Bonaparte's answer from Spain—the Russian messenger has brought dispatches from M. de Romanzow, containing, it is said, the emperor of Russia's answer to the reply we returned to his overture. As soon as the courier arrived in town last night, with an account of the arrival of the flag of truce, another messenger, we hear, was dispatched with orders to let the messengers land and proceed to London. They will arrive this evening.

Portsmouth, Dec. 9. Such is the vicissitude of human affairs, that the troops which were yesterday looking most anxiously to every shift of the wind, in the hope that it may come fair, are now coming on shore again, at the moment that the wind is come favourable for them to sail.—Orders came to-day for this purpose, and the bustle to clear the transports of them is even greater than it was to embark them. The 31st and 4th regiment of dragoon guards are the only troops embarked. Several ships are ordered to Spain, to protect our transports, in bringing off our troops; they will sail to-morrow.—Sailed the Coquette, 18, captain Forbes, on a cruise.—All the outward-bound ships will now sail, as the conveyances to Spain will be as speedy as could be wished. The wind is come to the north-east, and likely to stand at that quarter.

10. A melancholy accident occurred at Brettenham Park, Suffolk, lately. The footman, who is in a volonteer corps, while performing the manual exercise before the servants in the kitchen, without being aware that the gun was loaded, pulled the trigger, and the contents were lodged in the breast of a female servant, who expired the following day.

Last week, a melancholy accident occurred at Sandgate. Two females playing with a pistol, which they were ignorant was loaded, one of them, in attempting to wrest it from the other was shot through the left breast. She survived only a few days.

Plymouth, Dec. 12. Sailed the Ville de Paris, 110, honourable rear admiral Stopford, the Implacable, 84, capt. M'Kenzie, Hindostan, 54, Mediator, 44, Peacock, 18, all, it is supported in the present state of affairs in Spain, for Vigo, to cover the re-embarkation of the gallant fellows for Portugal.—Letters received here from a master of a vessel, dated Gijon the 28th ult., give a most afflicting detail of the situation of the Spanish army under General Blake, after his retreat before marshal Ney; and it is also added, that fears are entertained that 28 sail of vessels with provisions were seized by the French, when they got possession of St. Andero.

Plymouth, Dec. 13. Yesterday the Parthian, 18, captain Bulderston, was ordered to Corunna with dispatches. Captain B. came on board with the dispatches, and while talking to the purser on the quarter-deck, one of the master's mates came behind him and shot him with a pistol between the shoulders, through the spinal marrow. Captain B. exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord! I am killed:' fell on the deck, and expired instantly. The villain was instantly secured in irons by the ship's company, who were with difficulty restrained from tearing him to pieces, so much was captain B. beloved by his ship's company. This morning the body of captain B. was placed in a shell and brought ashore to the Royal Hospital for the purpose of a coroner's inquest. Minute guns were fired from the Parthian while the boat was carrying the body ashore. She sailed directly for her station. Captain B. was about twenty-two years of age, a gentlemanly and good officer, and is much lamented.

London, Dec. 13. On Sunday evening, about eight o'clock, as Mr. White, a respectable farmer of Hoo, near Upnor in Kent, was sitting in his parlour reading, a shot was fired through the window, which instantly killed him. The alarm being given, immediate search was made after the perpetrator, but without effect. A gun recently discharged, was found in a ditch about forty roods from the house, near the Medway; from which it is pre-

sumed that the villain escaped by water. The deceased was a widower, and bore an excellent character: he has left a family of eleven children to lament his loss. The most deliberate aim must have been taken by the perpetrator, as he had placed a hurdle before the window to rest the gun on. The elder branches of the family were sitting near the unfortunate man, and his eldest daughter had just risen to reach something from an adjoining cupboard when the shot was fired, which entered the back part of his head, and came out under his right eye. The gun is an old musket-barrel fastened to the stock by a nail in the breach, hammered down double in the wood; the lock will not stand at whole cock, but was fastened back by a piece of twine, which is supposed to have been cut at firing, as it appeared in that state when found.

Dec. 14. The public proceedings of the court of enquiry have terminated yesterday—The examination related to the same points as the examination of the day before; namely, the propriety or impropriety of following the enemy immediately after the battle of the 21st August—Sir Arthur Wellesley pressed it seriously, sir Harry Burrard deemed it not advisable.—Sir Harry Burrard was much affected towards the close of the proceedings yesterday. He had declared that he had done what he thought best for the service, and that if he had erred, it was but an error of judgement.—Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately got up and said, that though he differed completely from sir Harry as to the propriety of following up the enemy after the battle of Vemiera, yet he was fully convinced that sir Harry had acted as in his judgement appeared to be best calculated to promote the interests of his country.

Plymouth, Dec. 15. Last Sunday morning, as the Ville de Paris was getting under weigh, in Cawsand bay, the wife of one of the marines came alongside in a boat, with a young child, which was handed to her husband to take a parting kiss, previous to his proceeding to sea; the marine afterwards gave the child to a sailor to return to the mother in the boat, whose foot slipped, and both fell into the water. The feelings of the parents can be more easily felt than described. It is truly astonishing, that the child did not receive the smallest injury, not even its shoes been wetted, the sailor keeping it above water, with his arms extended, till another person jumped overboard, caught hold of the infant, and restored it to the anxious mother: both the men then got safe on board the ship. A lieutenant of marines, who was on deck, ordered the mother on board, till she was recovered from the effects of the accident.

Daring robbery.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Clewlow, of Norfolk-street, secretary to admiral sir Samuel Hood, left London in a post-chaise for Portsmouth, when two large trunks were fastened on the perch of the chaise. The post-boy, previous to Mr. C.'s departure, informed him that the roads were much better by way of Putney to Kingston than the Wandsworth road, and consequently the driver was ordered to proceed that way. After having got a short distance from Hyde-Park Corner gate, Mr. C. thought he heard a noise, and on looking on the perch he missed his trunks, and immediately alighted, and made his way back towards Hyde-Park Corner. He discovered one of the trunks, containing private papers, &c. in the middle of the turnpike-road; but the other trunk, containing considerable valuables, was not found. It is conjectured, from certain circumstances, that the robbery was a premeditated one, and the officers belonging to Marlborough-street police office are endeavouring to trace the thieves.

Another robbery was committed on the property of sir Samuel Hood, at about the same time as the former. The admiral's servant had been sent to fetch a small package from Phillimore-place, Brompton, to his town house in Wimpole-street, when the servant was met by a genteel dressed man, who informed him he had been long on his errand, and his mistress was waiting the arrival of the package, and that he was to return to Phillimore-place, to fetch another package. The robber, by this artifice, got possession of the property, and the credulous servant returned to Phillimore-place, as he was ordered. The package contained valuables to a considerable amount; and sir Samuel Hood's lady being informed of the robbery, she gave information to the police, but the property has not been traced.

Dec. 17. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Shaw, the messenger, arrived in a French flag of truce, from Boulogne, which he left about ten in the morning. He immediately set off for London, and arrived at the foreign office this morning. He

took his departure from Paris on Wednesday, previous to which an account had arrived of the entrance of Bonaparte into Madrid, which capitulated on the third.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 20. At his house in Russel-square, the lady of Claude Geo. Thornton, of a son and heir.

21. At Warkwork, the lady of H. D. Erskine, esq. jun. of Mar, of a son.

28. At his house at Steeple Ashton, in Oxfordshire, the lady of Richard Parkinson, esq. of a daughter.

29. The lady of lieutenant-colonel the hon. Edward Plunket, of the Coldstream regiment of guards, of a son.

30. At Riddell, lady Frances Buchanan Riddell, of a daughter.

At Fort William, near Cork, the lady of colonel Baker, of a daughter.

Dec. 4. At his house in Hertford-street, May-fair, the lady of Mr. Dent, M. P. of a daughter.

7. At the admiralty, the right hon. the lady Mulgrave, of a son.

9. At Great Grimsby, the lady of Peter Rye, esq. of a son.

At his lordship's house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, the right hon. lady Foley, of a son and heir.

10. In Stratford-place, lady Caroline Wrottesly, of a daughter.

At Champion Hill, the lady of Daniel Willink, esq. of a son.

At Coldham Hall, Cambridgeshire, the lady of captain Spelman Swaine, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 30. At Carisbrooke church, Isle of Wight, Edward Croker, esq. of Exeter college, Oxford, third son of Edward Croker, of Ballyneguard, in the county of Limerick, esq. to Martha Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Michael Lacelles, of Marsh Gate, near Richmond, Surrey.

Dec. 1. At Ealing, William Farmer, esq. of Swindon, Wilts, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late rev. Edmund Goodenough.

At Balshanger, William Fuller Boteler, of Lincoln's-inn, barrister at law, recorder of the city of Canterbury, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late James Leigh Joynes, of Mount Pleasant, near Gravesend, esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Andrew Caldwell, esq. only son of admiral Caldwell, to Charlotte Anne, second daughter of the late, and sister to the present, sir William Abdy, bart.

2. At St. Andrew's church, Mr. Bealby, of Drury-lane, to Mrs. Randall, of Holborn.

At Hackney, Joshua Holison, esq. of Great St. Helen's, London, merchant, to miss Jane Pulsforth, of St. Thomas's-square, Hackney.

At St. Pancras, the rev. Stephen Barbut, of Trotton, Sussex, to Maria, eldest daughter of George Jourdan, esq. of New Millman-street.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Charles Yates, esq. of Ely-place, to miss Yates.

J. B. Sladen, esq. of Ripple-court, Kent, to Ethelred, eldest daughter of Kingsman, St. Barbe, esq.

3. At St. George's, Hanover-square, lieut.-col. Gascoyne, in the hon. the East-India company's service, to Mrs. Denton, of Tavistock-square.

At St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, Reginald Grantham, esq. of Dulwich, to Louisa, second daughter of Dr. Dennison, of Broad-street-buildings.

At Ewell, in Surrey, Henry Bridges, esq. to miss Dalrymple.

At Bath, major-general William Madox Richardson, to Mrs. Scott, widow of the late David Scott, esq. of the island of Antigua.

Mr. William Montrion, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, solicitor, to miss Carrick, of Sloane-street.

At Gainsborough, Henry Smith, esq. to Rachael, eldest daughter of William Etherington, esq.

At Tunbridge Wells, Thomas Jenkinson, esq. of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, to miss Eliza Guilliod, of Bond-street.

6. By the rev. dean of Christ church, the rev. R. P. Goodenough, second son of the bishop of Carlisle, to miss Cecilia Markham, youngest daughter of his grace the late archbishop of York.

10. By the rev. Benjamin Lawrence, Thomas Ryder, esq. of Boughton-place, in the county of Kent, to miss M. A. E. Pinnock, of Somerset-street.

The hon. Mr. King, brother of lord King, to miss Tredcroft, daughter of Nathaniel Tredcroft, esq. of Horsham.

12. At Abbotts Ann, by the rev. T. Burrough, the rev. Joshua Hird, chaplain

to the duke of Sussex, and rector of Monxton, to miss Sophia Lockton, late of Clauville, Hants.

12. At Swanbourne, in Buckinghamshire, by the hon. and rev. A. H. Cathcart, James Hamilton, esq. to miss Harriet Wynne.

Mr. William Dikison, of Ironmonger-lane, to miss Emmet, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Emmet, of Halifax, Yorkshire.

Richard Cranch, esq. of Old Broad-street, to miss Maria Cranch, daughter of the late James Cranch, esq. of Finsbury-square.

17. By special licence, by the rev. Dr. Rose, at St. Michael Bassishaw, Henry Woodthorpe, jun. of Guildhall, to miss M. A. Smith, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Smith, of Shoreditch.

DEATHS.

Nov. 28. At Islington, Mrs. Anne, widow of the late Mr. Robert Holmes, of that place.

Brigadier-general William Carylton Hughes, lieutenant-colonel of the 87th regiment, and governor of Surinam.

29. Aged 75, at his residence in Hampshire, sir Thomas Pasley, bart. admiral of the white, who lost his leg on the memorable first of June, gallantly fighting for his king and country.

Dec. 1. Of the scarlet fever, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Ralph Leycester, esq. jun. of Hallgrove, Surrey.

At Brixham, aged 52, Thomas Dacres, esq. barrack-master of the Berryhead garrison.

At her house in Lawnsdown Crescent, Mr. Graves, relict of rear-admiral Graves.

In Hereford, after an illness of two days, aged 83, the rev. William Allen, D. D. one of the prebendaries of the cathedral church of Hereford.

At Newmarket, Thomas Panton, esq. brother to the late duchess of Ancaster.

2. At Grove House, near Knutsford, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Antrobus, widow of John Antrobus, esq. of that place.

Aged 70, Mrs. Johnson, of Ely-place.

At Barntick, in the county of Clare, lady Pencocke, wife of sir Joseph Pencocke, bart. and sister of lord Castlecoute.

At Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in the 82d year of his age, Richard Sykes, esq. only surviving brother of sir Francis Sykes, bart. late M. P. for Walsingford, Berks.

3. At Bedgebury, in Kent, the right hon. lady Forrester.

At Bath, Mrs. Charnock, the lady of, John Charnock, esq. of the island of Barbadoes.

In Thornhaugh-street, John Gibson esq. late of Calcutta.

At his house in Spital-square, aged 72, William Hawes, M. D. senior physician to the London and Surrey dispensaries, and the establisher, in 1774 (in conjunction with Dr. Cogan) of that meritorious and now flourishing institution, the Royal Humane Society.

11. After a lingering illness, at his house at Kennington, Erasmus Madox, esq.

Mrs. Eleanor Everitt Cooper, wife of Mr. Cooper, solicitor, Fitzroy-street.

13. Suddenly, at his house, Teddington, Middlesex, the right hon. the earl of Athlone, viscount Aughrim, baron of Ballymore, in the 66th year of his age.

At Richmond, Surrey, George Warden, esq.

16. At Woodford, William Robinson, esq. sub-governor of the Royal Exchange assurance company, in the 73d year of his age.

In the 80th year of his age, at his house in Hertford-street, of a disorder in the bowels, which in a few days completely exhausted him, the right hon. the earl of Liverpool. His lordship is succeeded in his title by his eldest son lord Hawkesbury. By his death the offices of clerk of the pells in Ireland, and collector of the customs inward of the port of London, become vacant. The former, we believe, was given in reversion by lord Sidmouth, to his son, the hon. Mr. Addington. The earl of Liverpool was for many years supposed to be high in the confidence of his majesty, and his thorough knowledge of the commercial interests of the country rendered him in a great degree distinguished as a politician. He was for many years president of the board of trade. In the year 1782 he succeeded to the family title of a baronet; in 1786 he was created lord Hawkesbury, and in 1796 earl of Liverpool. He was twice married, and has left issue, besides the present lord Liverpool, the hon. Charles Jenkinson.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

View of the Duchess of Brunswick's House on Blackheath.